CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

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Remembering Hurricane Hazel

The Prostitute & The Persons Case

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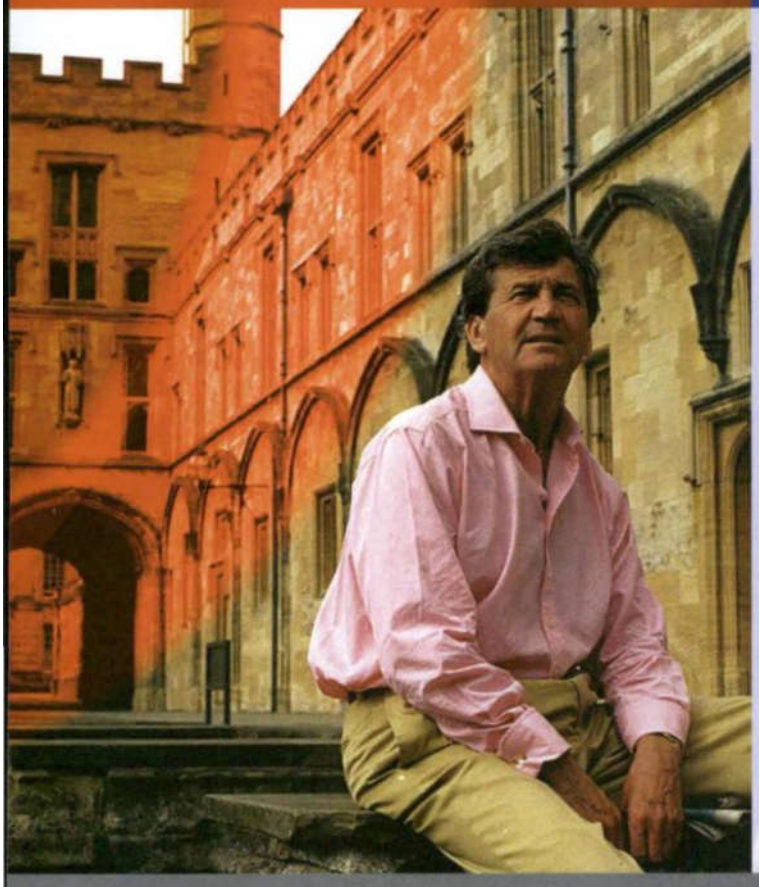

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The Beaver

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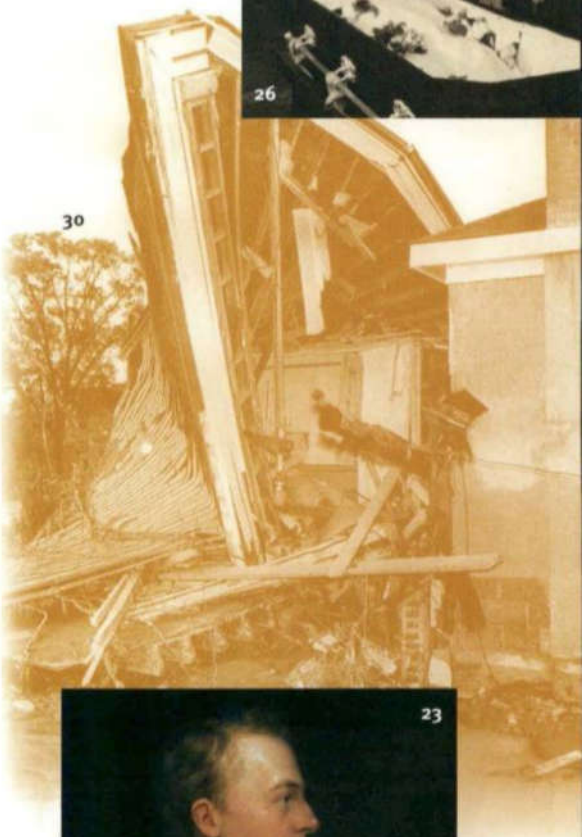

On the cover: Sir George Williams University students boarding the train for the wheat harvest in Saskatchewan, fall 1942 / The Wilkie Studio / Concordia University Archives P105-02-08.

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The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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The Beaver was founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the ***Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation***.

From experience

As one with over forty years experience in Arctic ice navigation, twenty-one years of that in command of Canadian Coast Guard icebreakers, with eleven transits of the Northwest Passage completed in Canadian and Russian icebreakers, I feel competent to comment on Captain Bernier's decision not to continue west into M'Clure (not McClure as printed) Strait in 1910 [August/September 2004].

To the uninitiated looking at a map of the Canadian Arctic, M'Clure Strait seems to be the obvious way out into the Beaufort Sea, being wide and deep, but is actually the most difficult strait to force by a surface vessel, as pack ice sweeps in from the Arctic Ocean, filling the strait and Viscount Melville Sound to the east with vast quantities of multiyear ice, much of it in giant floes. Very few ships have passed this way. I have made several attempts myself, with powerful modern icebreakers, and been rebuffed each time, until we finally succeeded westbound with the Russian icebreaker *Kapitan Khlebnikov* in 2001. In a wooden ship like the *Arctic*, with very little power and no icebreaking capability, a sighting of unbroken pack would be enough to sway the decision-making process. The most important principle of ice navigation is not to get one's ship into a situation from which she cannot escape, and in most cases, discretion is the better part of valour. Captain Bernier must have been mindful of what happened to M'Clure himself when his ship HMS *Investigator* managed to slip through eastbound around Cape Kellett from the Beaufort Sea in 1851, penetrating as far east as Mercy Harbour in northern Banks Island, only to be trapped there forever.

The second and third officers of the *Arctic* (Janes and MacDonald) admitted to little or no experience of ice, and their assessment that Captain Bernier should have at least tried to go further is entirely irrelevant. My observations of junior officers without ice experience, and of passengers in ice for the first time, consistently indicate that such people will come up with wildly differing estimates concerning the ice conditions surrounding the ship at any given moment. I agree that there can be a mirage effect referred to as *fata morgana*, which makes the ice appear to rise up above the horizon like the white cliffs of Dover, but I disagree that such effects show a false ice situation. Mirages do not fool anyone; they simply indicate conditions not normally visible to the observer. Ice navigators often use this phenomenon to find ways through the ice out of direct sight over the actual horizon, and can tell from the blank spaces what might be the best route to choose over the long term. Conversely, if there are no blank spaces observed, we know that there is no possible route ahead. The M'Clure Strait is about sixty miles wide at Cape Dundas on the Melville Island side, historically filled with giant interlocking floes of unbreakable multiyear ice, not a place to take any chances. Captain Bernier had wintered in 1908 at Winter Harbour on Melville Island just east of Cape Dundas, so he had had plenty of time to get to know the ice conditions in the area, with no need of advice from either Janes or MacDonald.

Since the first transit of the Northwest Passage by Roald Amundsen in 1903–06, there have been more than 100 transits by surface ships by a variety of routes. Only three of those transits have succeeded in passing through M'Clure Strait, all by powerful icebreakers since 1998. The total amounts to four if HMS *Investigator* is included, but then she failed to come out at the other end. Given those odds, Captain Bernier made the right decision.

CAPTAIN PATRICK R.M. TOOMEY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

Mixed blessing

Clint Evans blames a "fundamentally flawed" nineteenth-century British system of monoculture for modern agriculture's reliance on herbicides and its willingness to mess about with genetically modified crops [Explorations, August/September 2004]. As with most critics of new farm technology, he glosses over the fact that the same system led to the solution of mankind's thorniest problem to date – the production of a reliable food supply for large populations.

In the early 1800s, farm practices had not changed much since Biblical times. Grain was cut by hand with a scythe, sepa-

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at <editors@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478– 167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

rated with a flail, and winnowed in a sheet. For every bushel collected, it is estimated that two bushels were thrown away. The demands of the vast central plains of North America served as the mother to several key inventions: the chilled steel plow, the seed drill, and the mechanical harvester. By the end of the century, the world's inventory of land under crop had doubled, and the exodus of farm workers from farm to factory had begun, because they were no longer needed in the fields.

When chemical fertilizers and herbicides were added to these mechanical advantages during the Green Revolution of the 1950s, production soared again, giving the citizens of developed nations the most diverse, reliable, safe, and affordable food supply in human history. For those farmers left on the land today, the enormous challenges once presented by weather, weeds, pests, and disease have all been replaced by the problem of over-production and low prices.

When the first iron plow appeared, ministers climbed into the pulpit to warn farmers that it was an instrument of the devil. Genetically modified crops are only the latest heresy in a 200-year-long miracle of curiosity and experiment that now gives us the leisure time to debate the evils of the modern world with a corned-beef sandwich in one hand and a beer in the other.

DAN NEEDLES
NOTTAWA, ONTARIO

"Flawed Science" flawed

Clint Evans, in "Flawed Science and Good Husbandry" [Explorations, August/September 2004] cheers the shelving of Monsanto's Roundup Ready wheat program and suggests that farmers return to practising "good husbandry" like their ancestors in Britain. In those days in Britain and in much of the developing world today, most of the people worked hard on farms to feed themselves and the few people in the cities. Now, in the Western world, a few farmers, using modern methods, feed the people in the cities and help to feed the developing world. This is the result of what Evans calls "flawed science," which is an ever-increasing level of technology in all aspects of farming, including in recent years, genetic engineering. The only way to feed the increasing population in the developing world, without using more land, is for those farmers to increase their yields by improving their technology. Reviving "good husbandry," which Evans says is similar to modern organic practice, would reduce yields. And time is important – every delay in improving yields means more hungry people. There are even now stories from Africa that people are starving because of the GM controversy. I think that there is little to cheer and much to fear in the shelving of Monsanto's Roundup Ready wheat program.

BRUCE BIGHAM
DEEP RIVER, ONTARIO

The lady vanishes

While Hollywood may have discovered Evangeline in 1929 as mentioned in "Evangeline: A Myth of Acadie" [August/September 2004], the fledgling Canadian film industry had already discovered the Acadian heroine much earlier. In 1912, Capt. H.H.B. Holland established the Canadian Bioscope Company in Halifax, and went on to make Canada's first feature film, *Evangeline*, shot in the summer of 1913 in various Nova Scotia locations. It was a six-reeler, which ran for about seventy-five minutes and cost $30,000 to make, both long and expensive for its time. Although *Evangeline* received positive reviews and Canadian Bioscope went on to make six two-reelers, short films of less than twenty minutes, for some unknown reason the company folded after the First World War and its films were auctioned off. Sadly, no known copies of *Evangeline* exist today, although two stills from the film have been found. Hopefully, someday a copy of this important part of Canadian film history will be discovered.

JOHN BOILEAU
GLEN MARGARET, NOVA SCOTIA

Hees and hers

Desmond Morton [Explorations, June/July 2004] rightly claims that the Munsinger Affair of the 1960s qualifies as a good scandal. Unfortunately he perpetuates the myth that only one cabinet minister, Pierre Sévigny, became entangled in Gerda's amorous net. There was one other, a suave anglophone, who when told by the Mounties that he mustn't talk about state secrets to Gerda (who had once been a KGB agent), announced that he enjoyed only an occasional lunch with her.

The Mounties wanted to ask why, in that case, the minister kept a pair of Gerda's silk stockings in the upper right drawer of his desk on Parliament Hill. That question would have revealed the tap on the minister's telephone, so the Mounties said nothing.

Sévigny's family may or may not have believed professions of innocence. More importantly, what vexes them and other francophone Québécois is the fact that, yet again, the francophone is singled out while the anglophone gets off scot free.

R.B. FLEMING
ARGYLE, ONTARIO

STEVE COOK

Sticky business

With reference to the picture on p. 20 of the June/July 2004 issue, showing the felling of a Douglas fir, readers unfamiliar with such felling may wonder why the sawyers are standing on what look like diving boards. The reason is that when the early settlers undertook this task conventionally, standing on the ground, they were overwhelmed by "nigh a hogshead of pitch" (I quote from memory). As most of this pitch was in the bottom section of the trunk, sawing above this section avoided the problem. Needless to say, the resulting stumps, as much as ten feet tall and filled with pitch, burned like furnaces in forest fires.

OLDEN PARIS
COLUMBUS, OHIO

More Letters The *Beaver* website offers a new section for letters to the editor. To see letters that may only be available online, go to <www.thebeaver.ca>, and click on "Extra! Extra!" to get to the "Letterbox" section.

The Josiah Henson House where Henson and his wife Nancy lived during the latter part of his life. The home was restored to the 1850 period in 1993–94.

BLACK HISTORY

Cabin crisis

Josiah Henson, an American slave, arrived in Canada in 1830, after a long and arduous journey. Ten years later, after moving to Dresden, Ontario, he set up a school. He also gave lecture tours and wrote his autobiography, which was published in 1849. As it happened, Henson's story became source material in part for Harriet Beecher Stowe's 1852 novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a nineteenth-century bestseller and seminal work in the fight against slavery. Well, one thing led to another, and by the mid-twentieth century, the Henson homestead was a museum, then more recently Uncle Tom's Cabin Historic Site, a complex of buildings in Dresden that interprets slavery, the Underground Railway, and black settlement in Canada. Not surprisingly, given the subject matter, the museum is particularly interesting to Americans. But cross-border tourism isn't what it used to be, SARS and 9/11 being the chief culprits. Annual attendance, sources say, has been more than halved in the last couple of years. Hence money worries at Uncle Tom's Cabin. Is the outlook bleak? Much depends on public response. That response can be directed to Uncle Tom's Cabin Historic Site, 29251 Uncle Tom's Road, Dresden, Ontario, N0P 1M0.

LIVING HISTORY

If you could pack up the car and travel back in time, what year would you visit? For Bruce Whittaker of Keswick, Ontario, the answer is

1812. And for the last six years – several times a year – he has packed up his minivan (wife and kids included) and headed, essentially, back to the War of 1812.

When Whittaker was a child, his father took him to roadside cairns, old houses, and other historic sites, and it wasn't long before he developed a passion for the past. Since then, he has been involved in various history-related ventures – the most colourful as a reenactor in the recreation of a war that played out almost two hundred years ago.

In full costume, toting authentic weaponry, Whittaker plays the role of a corporal in the Norfolk Militia. This means he is responsible for getting the other men in the unit ready for drill, parade, or battle. He ensures their equipment is in safe working order, conducts drill sessions, and leads them in battle scenarios, (all of which are played out in front of an audience). Reenactments, held most often at local museums and historical society centres, can involve as few as twenty-five and as many as five hundred reenactors.

In Whittaker's case, reenactment is a family affair: His wife and three sons often join him at the events. "They enjoy it as much as I do, and they all have their own roles to play living in the nineteenth century. My oldest son is in the musket line, my middle son is on the gun crew, and my youngest runs around in his period clothes looking cute."

Part of the adventure is camping out like the people of 1812 would have camped. "We live in canvas tents that are correct to the time period, cook over wood fires using cast iron or copper pots and pans, drink from clay, glass, or pewter alloy drinking vessels, and light our camps with candles." The food they eat also reflects the time they portray; Whittaker's wife cooks using the period recipes she has researched. Even the clothing they wear is authentic – no manmade fabrics, and no wristwatches or modern eyeglasses. And music wafting from the camps in the evening comes from period instruments like dulcimers, harps, flutes, violins, and recorders. Reenactors do take advantage of some modern conveniences, however: coolers and sleeping bags are used, but kept hidden.

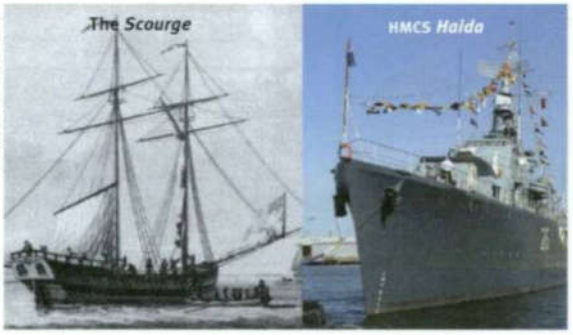
Most reenactors take their roles very seriously. Whittaker says many will try to maintain a nineteenth-century style of speech and present themselves in ways that reflect the social norms of the day. "This helps in creating an atmosphere that we enjoy. I myself must never appear in public without a vest and cravat. And I cannot have a beard or mustache – they simply were not fashionable at the time."

In addition to time travel, Whittaker has created school programs to complement the Ontario curriculum, and is set to run a history-based kids' camp next summer. He is also the director of the Georgina Historical Society. "If I can enlighten somebody about a piece of our history or heritage, then I feel as if I have accomplished something," says Whittaker. "I guess I'm just a teacher at heart."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL KINNEAR AND LESLEY CHUNG

Reenactor Bruce Whittaker says the battle recreations he's involved in are impressive and maybe even a little frightening to the uninitiated.

Shipping News



PHOTOS: BEAVER COLLECTION

Don't even *think* about diving near the wrecks of the *Scourge* and the *Hamilton*. You might set off an alarm. The two ships, armed U.S. schooners that sank off the shore of the Niagara Peninsula in August 1813 during that unpleasantness known as the War of 1812, have been catnip for years to souvenir hunters because they're upright and virtually intact. No Canadian cannonball sent them to a watery grave. A violent storm did. And so they sit, ninety metres below the surface of Lake Ontario somewhere near Hamilton. Exactly where, officials haven't said since 1975 when the ships were rediscovered, because they haven't wanted anyone sniffing about. Now they've done one better. The site has a burglar alarm. Trip it and you'll have some explaining to do, and, possibly, some fines to pay or some time to serve.

However, if you are in the Hamilton area and you still want to see a ship, there is a new one (or a new old one) that floats for all to see in Hamilton Harbour. HMCS *Haida*, commissioned in August 1943 and billed as the most decorated ship in Canadian history, is now operating as a floating museum. The *Haida*, which sank three German destroyers in the English Channel in 1944 and saw two tours of duty during the Korean War, was decommissioned in 1963. It sat at Toronto's Ontario Place for many years, was declared a National Historic Site in 1984, but then fell into disrepair. Saddened, former *Haida* sailors formed Friends of HMCS *Haida* and began fundraising. The result – new life for an old war memorial in Hamilton.

Meanwhile, speaking of World War II, a German submarine, U-215, lost in combat in July 1942 off Georges' Bank, Nova Scotia, has been found. On a mission to mine Boston Harbour after torpedoing and sinking an American supply ship bound for Russia, it was sunk July 3, 1942 by British warship HMS *Le Tigre*. Rediscovered through sonar scanning by a team of deep-sea scuba divers from History Television's *The Sea Hunters*, the U-215 is one of only about six U-boats that have been found off the east coast of North America, though many more were sunk during the war. The discovery is scheduled for broadcast later this year.

Elsewhere – specifically at Red Bay in southern Labrador – another sunken vessel has been found, this one a sixteenth-century Basque galleon, part of a whaling fleet that sailed the Labrador coast between 1540 and 1610. Three well-preserved galleons had been found at the bottom of Red Bay harbour over twenty years ago – the oldest New World shipwrecks discovered north of the Caribbean – but researchers expected to glean nothing more from the area. Then, the propeller of a cruise ship anchored off the Labrador coast this spring happened to blast the silt off the ocean floor to expose a mound of timbers. Voilà, another galleon. The first Red Bay galleon found, in 1978, the 300-tonne *San Juan*, which sunk in 1565, had been carrying 250,000 litres of whale oil. Used to light lamps, the oil was worth its weight in, well, probably not gold, but something pretty valuable. Parks Canada archaeologists spent eight years dismantling and examining the *San Juan* wreck on the harbour bottom before reburying it. Plans for the new wreck are pending.

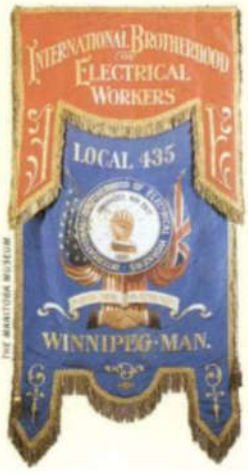
ARTIFACT

Hand-painted silk banners like this one at The Manitoba Museum in Winnipeg are rare today, but 100

years ago, when Winnipeg's Local 435 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers received its official charter, they were commonplace among trade unions and fraternal organizations. They were used in union halls, demonstrations, in May Day or Labour Day parades, and, possibly, even at funerals. The IBEW represented electrical workers in a number of trades, including telephone operators, and it is thought that this banner, made by Dominion Regalia of Toronto, was carried in parades and demonstrations during the 1919 Winnipeg General Strike and later may have been used during the arrest and trials of the strike leaders.

Banners of this nature fell from favour as the twentieth century wore on, and like much of the material history and archival records of the early labour movement, became lost. The survival of this banner is a matter of good fortune. When the IBEW donated it to The Manitoba Museum it had suffered tears and breakage in its fibre, but it was sufficiently sound for museum conservation staff to restore it. The artifact's delicate condition makes it unsuitable for hanging, but it can and has been displayed in a specially designed case that presents the banner lying flat at table height. According to sources at the IBEW headquarters in Washington, D.C., Winnipeg Local 435's banner is likely the oldest IBEW banner still in existence.

More information is available from Sharon Reilly, curator of social history, at The Manitoba Museum, <www.manitobamuseum.ca>.



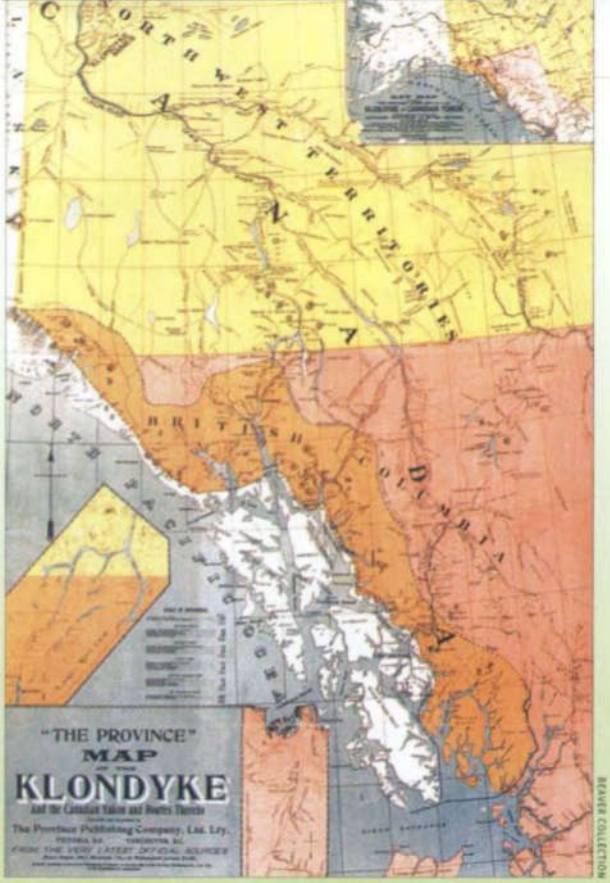
THE MANITOBA MUSEUM

IBEW Local 435, parade banner. Hand-painted silk, with metallic fringe. Unsigned, undated, circa 1904. Printing on inner circle, surrounding clasped hands, reads "Organized Nov. 28, 1891." On ribbon below are the words "In Union There is Strength."

MAPPERY

The publisher of this 1897 map knew his audience. When in July of that year, news of

gold discovered a year earlier on Rabbit (later Bonanza) Creek, a tributary of the Klondike River, reached Seattle, a stampede began. North America had been suffering through a decade-long economic depression, and the vision of sudden wealth was electric. Some 100,000 amateur gold seekers from around the world began their trek north that fall and winter. Most of them, however, knew next to nothing about the distant and inaccessible Yukon. For mapmakers, as well as other merchants and suppliers who realized the real fortune lay not in the chimera of gold but in the certainty of sales goods, the Klondike was a business opportunity. Among the first to produce a map of the territory was the Province Publishing Company of Victoria and Vancouver. Its map came in various backings from paper to canvas, at prices between fifty cents and a dollar – in those days no mean sum. Nonetheless, the map sold in the hundreds of thousands. The gold rush attracted opportunists of every stripe, mapmakers among them, who made exaggerated or false claims about the routes to the Yukon and the locations of the gold fields. The Province Map of the Klondyke, by comparison, is restrained, even acknowledging both American and Canadian claims to the Alaska panhandle. However, its colours are deliberately chosen. While British Columbia remains the traditional British Empire pink, the North West Territories are shaded an exuberant yellow, an unsubtle attempt at subliminal seduction. Gold was everywhere in the north, the



BEAVER COLLECTION

map suggested. In fact, gold turned out to be limited to a few creeks around the original find. With only a few hundred finding enough to make them wealthy, the gold rush quickly turned into a trickle.

JULIE GEDEON

HERITAGE

Fort for sale

Alison Hackney runs her fingers over a fissure as a mason reassures her a fort wall is sturdy. Built in 1703, Fort Senneville has been in her family over four generations. Her great-grandfather, Sir Edward Clouston, bought the property in 1898 from the estate of John Abbott, prime minister from 1891 to 1892. As first general director of the Bank of Montreal, Clouston needed an estate to entertain clients. The railway made Senneville on Montreal Island's western tip a summer haven for bankers, lawyers, and merchants.

Clouston's purchase included the prime minister's house. The land has since been divided among descendants with Hackney and three siblings inheriting the fort portion. They want Parks Canada to buy the property to guarantee its protection and public access. More than two hundred people attended a rare "open fort" on Canada Day. Hackney encouraged visitors to write to Parks Canada and the environment minister urging them to ensure the site's future and past.

In 1672, Louis XIV granted a plot to Michel Sidac Du Gué, a retired captain of France's Carignan-Salières regiment. He set up a trading post on a jut of land, which was the first point the natives saw as they canoed toward the end of the Ottawa River. Two enterprising merchants, Charles Le Moyne and Jacques Le Ber, fully realized its potential when they bought the land and began extensive trade with the Algonquins.

Le Ber assumed ownership after Le Moyne's death in 1685, renaming the land Senneville, after a village near his birthplace in France. After the windmill he built came under repeated Indian attack, he bolstered defences by erecting fort walls and corner bastions. The fort made Le Ber feel secure enough to construct a three-storey manor within the walls.

When Americans invaded Canada in 1776, Fort Senneville became a holding pen for captured U.S. soldiers. Benedict Arnold came to their rescue, but they had already been moved. He ordered Fort Senneville torched, destroying its wooden interior.

Hackney's family has spent time and money shoring up fort walls and taming surrounding bush. "It wouldn't be standing at all had my family not taken great care to preserve it."

Quebec has also invested $420,000 to replace mortar and conduct a dig. Archeologists have unearthed beads, pins, flints, musket balls, an arrowhead, and stone circles that might have been an Indian palisade. In 1971, the Royal Ontario Museum excavated locks, bowls, and other New France tools.

From the age of two, Hackney grew up steps away from the fort. Saddened at having to sell the property, she dearly hopes she'll be able to visit. — Julie Gedeon

MOMENT

October 26, 1864, 7 A.M.: the High Sheriff reads the sentences, the traps open, and five Tsilhqot'in fall the

distance between life and death. The Chilcotin War is over. "It seems horrible to hang 5 men at once," writes the presiding judge, Matthew Baillie Begbie, "yet the blood of 21 whites calls for retribution."

To the extent that they have looked at these events, historians have repeated the interpretation put on them by the colonial government 140 years ago. "Little short of marvelous," in Governor Frederick Seymour's words. Law had triumphed over savagery, colonial power stood triumphant over native peoples.

A more careful look at the events of 1864 suggests a different, even opposite, meaning of that October dawn. The war had started in March of that year, when Alfred Waddington's crew returned, after a winter break, to cutting a road from Bute Inlet on the coast to the gold-rich Cariboo, 500 kilometres inland. During their absence their storehouse had been broken into and flour stolen. The Tsilhqot'in, who had come to the coast to pack provisions for the road crew, were told that smallpox would be sent to them as a punishment.

The Tsilhqot'in knew smallpox. A year prior, it swept through their territory, killing, by conservative estimates, over half of their men, women, and children. They believed the threat. They also had other grievances. They were hungry after a hard winter, and the price of food, wrote the police commissioner Chartres Brew, was the prostitution of their young women.

Klatsassin.

FROM KLATSASSAN, AND OTHER REMINISCENCES OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, BY A.C. LOCKE BROWN, 1873.

On the morning of April 30, as the road crew slept, some twenty-five Tsilhqot'in swept over their camps, killing twelve of the fifteen. The Tsilhqot'in party went on to attack the other Europeans in the area who were associated with the road: a pack train bringing in supplies and a farmer at Puntzi Lake who was a partner in the business. When the news reached New Westminster, the capital of the Colony of British Columbia, two volunteer armies were mustered.

The real significance of the event lies in the inability of the force to effectively engage the Tsilhqot'in. The governor, who commanded the expedition, reported that his militia was humiliated: "Indians on horseback kept just beyond rifle range. Endless perplexing trails, running in circles or lost in water were prepared for their special embarrassment. ... One chief carried his boldness to the point of causing to warm himself at the camp fire before Mr. Cox had gone two hundred yards from it." The only casualties of the campaign were European: militia officer and former HBC trader Donald McLean, shot dead by the Tsilhqot'in, and several militiamen wounded by friendly fire.

After two months the officers were about to give up the mission as hopeless when a Tsilhqot'in emissary came to propose talks. It was clear that the Tsilhqot'in expected a peace parley, but the colonial officials called it surrender, manacled war chief Klatsassin and his party, and tried them as criminals.

The Chilcotin War has been seen as a proof that aboriginal people could not resist the force of the British crown, but the reverse is truer. The colonial government drove itself into insolvency financing this $80,000 operation. It captured only five of the twenty-five implicated in the operations – and those by deception. The road was stopped, Europeans left the Tsilhqot'in in charge of their territory for another half century, and smallpox did not return. Though it claimed a victory, the colonial government subsequently adopted policies to avoid Indian confrontations, preferring to let missionaries, Indian agents, and surveyors slowly dispossess native people with the law instead of confronting them in war.

—John Lutz

WEBSITE

Rooting around

Having trouble finding a copy of Rudyard Kipling's address to the Canadian Club in Winnipeg on October 2, 1907? So were we. Like you, we were wondering if he would reiterate his favourite line to the assembled Winnipeggers, and, lo and behold, he did, paraphrasing Luke 12:48, "To whom much has been given, from them much, much shall be required," he signed off, no doubt to vigorous plutocratic applause. Unlike you (until now), we found the original text of his speech easily at *Our Roots: Canada's Local Histories Online*, <www.ourroots.ca> touted as the world's largest digital collection of Canadian local histories. Organized by University of Calgary Press and Université Laval Library with the cooperation of another dozen academic and archival institutions, the website enables free access to more than a century's worth of published material, much of which is either out of print or available only in private collections. What you see is the actual page, complete with typography of the period and illustrations. Users can search or browse the collection by title, author, subject, or keyword. Mourning summer's passing, for instance, we typed in *summer* and came up with Sir Sandford Fleming's (he of standard time fame) 1884 memoir *England and Canada: a summer tour between old and New Westminster with historical notes*. And, of course, we can never resist typing in *beaver* to see what eponymous goodies there might be. One in this case: Ernest Alexander Cruikshank's 1889 *The Fight in the Beechwoods: A Study in Canadian History*, which is about the 1813 Battle of the Beechwoods, otherwise known as the Battle of Beaver Dams. The online collection continues to grow, no doubt beaver references with it.

COMMEMORATION

The Italian Campaign

The sixtieth anniversary of D-Day in June likely marked the last major celebration of the seminal World War II event: Those who landed on the beaches of Normandy, June 6, 1944 may not be with us in great numbers for the seventieth anniversary. The same reckoning applies to events this fall commemorating the less celebrated, but equally arduous and vital Italian campaign, in which over 90,000 Canadians participated, and in which nearly six thousand were killed. On July 19, 1943, Canadian soldiers waded ashore at Pachino, Sicily, to begin a long trek up the Italian boot that would end north of Florence on February 25, 1945. Their sacrifice will be remembered in a series of events this October and November in Italy, including wreath layings at Cassino and Ortona, sites of some of the heaviest fighting, as well as plaque unveilings at sites of historic significance to Canada – at Agira in Sicily and at Ortona and Rimini on mainland Italy. A commemorative plaque, too, is scheduled for unveiling at Cesena in the presence of Canada's sole surviving Victoria Cross winner, Ernest A. "Smokey" Smith. More information and a detailed schedule of events is available through Veterans Affairs Canada <www.vac-acc.gc.ca> .

OLDWAYS

Calling all patriotic Canadians!

During the First World War, propaganda pieces urged Canadians to do their part to help in the war effort. Here's a list of food-saving tips taken from a book that was sold for fifteen cents to help soldiers return from the frontlines.

By following these suggestions any one can save a great deal, and so have much more to spare for the many funds in such urgent need:

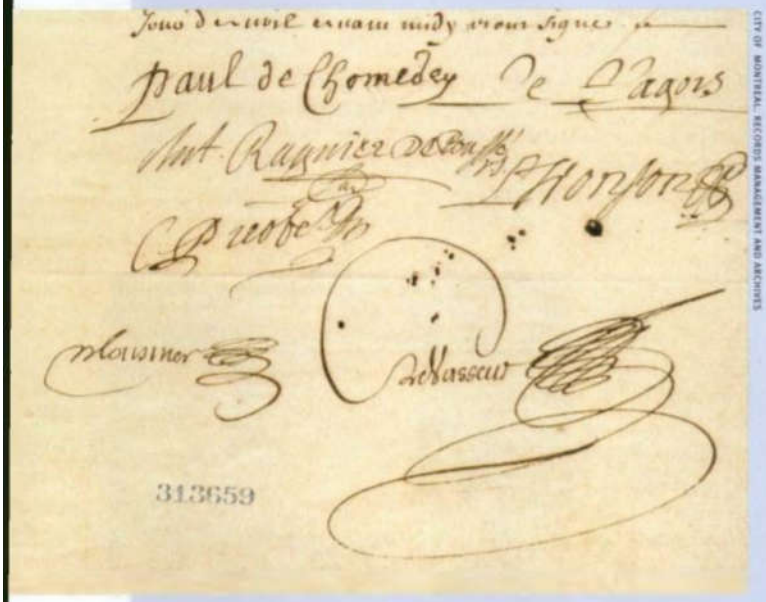
- People make a big pot of the strongest tea and fill their cups half full of hot water, leaving half of the tea to be thrown away. See just how many of the measures you use are contained in a quarter of a pound of tea. Then see that it lasts just the time it should. After a careful trial you will be surprised to find you have been wasting about one-third.
- Often half the sugar is left in the bottom of the cup, whereas, by stirring it, much less need have been put in.
- Scrape out and rinse all saucepans and mixing bowls, so that every particle of the material is saved. This may sound silly, but in the course of the year pounds of nourishment are utilized.
- In thickening sauces and other things, learn to know the least amount of flour that will do, and don't use a teaspoon more than is required.
- Never throw away any milk. The sour can be kept in a jug, and any little sweet can be added. It will keep for days in winter, till you are ready to use it.
- Scrape any kind of fat whatever, collect in a saucepan, boil once or twice in water, carefully scraping off the sediments, and fry out. No taste or odour is then left.
- No scrap of meat or vegetable is too small to put by in cold weather. A tablespoon of meat mashed and mixed with boiled egg and bread crumbs, formed into tiny balls, rolled in flour and dropped in boiling soup, make a delicious clear soup.

This saving and scrap-using must be entered into with the right spirit, remembering that we Canadians are about the most wasteful nation in the world. Not so extravagant, as criminally wasteful. Fifty million dollars is thrown away annually in Canadian garbage cans. That is no wild statement, but an ascertained fact. Think if this past year's waste could be restored to us. Fifty million dollars would almost provide for all incapacitated soldiers. And remember, it didn't go out in one or two, or 1,000 cans, but in about 2,000,000 – in yours ... and yours. Each of us should see to it that soon the sight of a slice of bread, a perfectly good bone, or the outside leaves of vegetables, in a garbage can, would give you quite a shock. In England you are fined $50 if the inspector finds any good foodstuff thrown away.

Poster issued by the Canadian government, 1918.

- Careless cooks should take much more pains and cook better. An economical dish should not be blamed for shortcomings when it is the fault of the cooking.
- Invariably order your bread the day before. About one-fifth is lost by eating the bread fresh. Cut each slice as it is required.
- Make the following, and save on bought cleansers: 1 pound white sand, 1 pound washing soda, 1 tin soft soap, 1/2 pound whitening (cheap chalk). Mix well in an open-mouth jar. Keep some in a small jar handy for the sink, also smaller one in bathroom.
- Instead of one beefless day, why not try for six, to make up for other people less patriotic? Surely in these troubled days all the other kinds of meats and the unwanted parts of beef can fill the other six days perfectly well.

From *Win the War Recipes and Suggestions*. Ottawa: 1916.



CITY OF MONTREAL, RECORDS MANAGEMENT AND ARCHIVES

In April 1668, before notary G. Labrosse in Paris, Maisonneuve signed over his rights to the city of Montreal.

With just a few signatures to finalize the deal, the city of Montreal officially changed hands. It was April 1668, and the city's founder, Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve, relinquished his rights to what he called "Ville-Marie" when he arrived there in 1642. The city would now belong to the Sulpicians. A real archival gem, the deed on which the all-important signatures are etched, is one of the last known documents linking Montreal back more than 350 years to the religious colonizers that started it all.

In May 1641, two ships carrying a group of about forty people left France for the New World. Among the seafaring travellers was Maisonneuve, chosen by the founding members of the Société Notre-Dame de Montréal to be the leader of the colonization and evangelization enterprise at their Montreal seigneury. The group had purchased the land the year before from Jean de Lauzon, future governor of New France. The ships arrived in the New World a few months after setting sail, but would be unable to travel up the St. Lawrence to their final destination until after the winter.

The group finally reached the island on May 17, 1642. The very next day, the first settlers founded Ville-Marie (later to be called Montreal) on what is now the site of Pointe-à-Callière, the Montreal Museum of Archaeology and History. Development of the township seemed to progress quickly after that. Within a year, Maisonneuve and his fellow Montrealers established a fort of defence, a chapel, and a hospital (Hôtel-Dieu de Montréal, headed by missionary Jeanne Mance). For the next twenty years, Maisonneuve worked to defend the colony and to convert the local native people to Christianity.

In 1663, the Sulpicians, members of a religious order founded in Paris, took possession of the island and seigneury of Montreal from Maisonneuve after the dissolution of the Société Notre-Dame. (Their seminary on Notre-Dame Street was built in the seventeenth century and is the oldest building in Montreal.) Maisonneuve went back to France in the fall of 1665, and three years later, signed away the use of his accommodations in the seigneurial house, as well as half of the farm with its mills and outbuildings in Montreal for an annual pension of 500 livres until his death. He died in Paris on September 9, 1676.

This document and another one concerning Jeanne Mance were bought for $800 by the city of Montreal in September 1941 from the collector G.T. Harwood in the wake of the city's tercentenary celebration. Until their transfer to the City of Montreal Archives in 1997, they were held by the municipal library.

Our thanks to Mario Robert, archivist at the City of Montreal Records Management and Archives, for providing us with the image and information.

FACTOID

Sold! – to the *lowest* bidder, that is. In 1888, a New Brunswick community addressed the problem of poverty by auctioning off disadvantaged citizens to community members looking to earn some extra cash. The bidder who accepted the lowest amount of tax money to take care of a down-and-outer could take that person home to help around the house and on the farm. Moralists opposed the degrading practice, and Pauper Auctions ended by the turn of the century.

Take the day off

October 1 To mark the city of Edmonton's 100th birthday. Tell her she doesn't look a day over thirty-nine.

October 29 To note Black Tuesday seventy-five years ago, the stock-market crash that ushered in the Great Depression. Hug your piggy bank.

November 1 To observe the opening of Canada's first theatre in Montreal 200 years ago by a Scottish actor named Ormsby. Break a leg.

November 2 To note the official opening in 1942 at Soldier's Summit at Kluane Lake, Yukon, of the Alaska Highway, which extends from Dawson Creek, B.C., to Fairbanks, Alaska. Bake meringue-covered ice cream for dessert.

Peter Neary on

Sixty Years of Veterans Affairs

In the second decade of the twentieth century, veterans emerged as a powerful force in Canada. Their numbers indicated their growing importance. More than 600,000 Canadians served in the Great War, more than a million enlisted in the Second World War, and about 27,000 Canadians served in the Korean War. In sum, veterans came to constitute a significant percentage of the Canadian population, and governments perforce acknowledged their obligation to them.

In 1917, the year of Vimy Ridge, Prime Minister Robert Borden promised that those who were fighting for the country would not find it "a house of privilege, or a school of poverty and hardship." In that spirit, the government in 1918 established a Department of Soldiers' Re-establishment and in 1919 passed a Pension Act and launched an ambitious scheme of soldier settlement. In the interwar period, building on the work of the 1915 Military Hospitals Commission, Ottawa ran a network of veterans' hospitals across the country. Mobilizing the country for war was the responsibility of the national government; by extension, so was the provision of veterans' benefits. These benefits were administered, from 1927, by the Department of Pensions and National Health and, from 1933 to 1995, by the Canadian Pension Commission under the Pension Act.

Veterans advanced their own cause through a variety of organizations, which sought to foster comradeship, remembrance, recognition, and mutual aid. The Great War Veterans Association was founded in Winnipeg in 1917, and in 1925 joined with other veterans groups to form the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League (now the Royal Canadian Legion). The legion became a presence the length and breadth of the country and the government's leading interlocutor in the making of veterans' policy.

Much was achieved in Canada by and for veterans in the 1920s and 1930s, but the spectre of returned men "uncared for and unnoticed" was also a reality. Behind the rhetoric of government policy towards veterans was a profound sense of struggle, disappointment, and even betrayal among veterans themselves. When the Second World War began, Ottawa immediately determined to do better. Prime Minister Mackenzie King had lived through the tumultuous social, economic, and political aftermath of the Great War and was determined that nothing like this must ever be allowed to happen again. In December 1939 a cabinet committee on demobilization was formed, and on October 12, 1941, the Post-Discharge Re-establishment Order (Privy Council order 7633), was issued. This was a landmark document in Canadian social history. Whereas in the case of Great War veterans' rehabilitation benefits had been made available only to the disabled and to those who had enlisted as minors, PC 7633 provided that everyone who enlisted in the war would be granted a rehabilitation benefit. What this would mean in practice was worked out during the war between the government and the Canadian Legion, which made itself the voice of a new generation of veterans.

In 1944 the Department of Veterans Affairs was created to coordinate Ottawa's evolving plans for serving men and women. The act creating the new department received royal assent on June 30, 1944, and the first minister of Veterans Affairs, Ian Mackenzie, himself a veteran of the Great War, took office on October 13, 1944. The benefit program for Second World War veterans was embodied in a variety of statutes and regulations but was eventually called the Veterans Charter. It provided for gratuities and reestablishment credits, which were universal entitlements; and land, education, and business start-up benefits, which were

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE / PHOTO SGT. GERRY PILOTE, DSPA(I)/SPA COMBAT CAMERA

Veterans Affairs has had to respond to changing needs of Canadian forces, such as those of members of this platoon, deployed as part of Operation APOLLO in Kandahar, Afghanistan, 2002, and led by Captain Frank Sbarra.

discretionary. Veterans also benefited from a medical plan, the right to reinstatement in civil employment, veterans' insurance, and preferred status with the National Employment Service. The program was explained to its intended recipients in the booklet *Back to Civil Life*, which stated, "The object of Canada's plan for the rehabilitation of her Armed forces is that every man or woman discharged from the forces shall be in a position to earn a living." In a phrase, this required "opportunity with security."

By the end of the war, the planners of the Veterans Charter believed that Canada had "the most comprehensive programme in the world for rehabilitation of her service men." In general, the Veterans Charter was a great success, though there was some difficult leftover business in relation to subgroups within the large veteran population. (The problems of aboriginal veterans and veterans subject to chemical warfare experiments are still being addressed.)

Canada was favourably positioned in the world in 1945 and prospered in the postwar period. By the mid-fifties, the Department of Veterans Affairs had completed most of its rehabilitation work and was settling into its long-term mission of caring for the dependants of those killed in combat, looking after the needs of disability pensioners, and assisting those who could not succeed in the market economy. In effect, the department tracked the Second World War generation through its life course. In the 1940s it addressed the needs of young Canadian veterans, but adapted to the needs of an aging population, eventually becoming a leading centre of gerontological knowledge. In 1981, for example, it launched what eventually became known as the Veterans Independence Program. This creative and highly successful initiative has allowed thousands to continue to live in their own homes rather than move into institutions. The department moved most of its operations to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, beginning in 1976, and since 1984 has been known as Veterans Affairs Canada.

The growing orientation of Veterans Affairs Canada towards aging veterans was an understandable and natural progression, but it had unintended consequences for the re-establishment needs of the modern-day Canadian Forces (CF), whose service has been with NATO, NORAD, and in peacekeeping and peacemaking. Ex-CF members now outnumber the surviving veterans of the World Wars and Korea. In 2003 there were approximately 411,000 of the former and 309,000 of the latter. As Veterans Affairs gradually left the rehabilitation field after the big push of the 1940s and 1950s, the Department of National Defence tried to fill some of the gap, most notably with the Service Income Security Insurance Plan, a death and disability scheme launched in 1969. This was an admirable initiative but, by definition, rehabilitation and reestablishment is not the main business of National Defence.

That former members of the CF needed a more comprehensive program, along the lines of the Veterans Charter but adapted to contemporary circumstances, became obvious in the 1990s as the numbers of men and women in uniform were both downsized and subject to an increased operational tempo. The smaller CF was being called upon to undertake more missions. The human cost of this was detailed by the House of Commons Standing Committee on Defence and Veterans Affairs in its 1998 report *Moving Forward*. The findings of the committee revealed a range of issues, many of them shocking, relating to medical discharges, posttraumatic stress disorder, family problems, and recognition for service. The report led to an important quality-of-life initiative within National Defence and to a searching review by Veterans Affairs Canada of its relationship to serving and former members of the CF, many of whom increasingly looked to it for support. This review has been constructive. Most importantly, in 2001 the government extended the status of "veteran" to all former members of the CF who had achieved "trained" status and been honourably discharged. In terms of recognition, this historic step put CF veterans on an equal basis with other veterans across the generations – comrades all. In May 2004, having received a discussion paper entitled "Honouring Canada's Commitment: 'Opportunity with Security' for Canadian Forces Veterans and Their Families in the 21st Century," from an advisory group launched in 2000, the minister of Veterans Affairs committed the government to a modern-day Veterans Charter for CF veterans. The details of this are now being worked out between the government and the veterans' organizations, just as the details of the original Veterans Charter were worked out collaboratively during the Second World War.

In its sixtieth anniversary year, Veterans Affairs Canada is reinventing itself for the twenty-first century. By 2013, it is estimated, the department will have more than 58,000 Canadian Forces clients. This total is small compared with the numbers from the World Wars and Korea, but there can be no doubt that, in an uncertain world, veterans' affairs must remain a priority item on the agenda of the government of Canada. In 2004, across party lines, Canadians have again acknowledged their obligation to be loyal to those who are loyal to us.

Peter Neary is coeditor (with J.L. Granatstein) of *The Veterans Charter and Post-World War II Canada* (McGill-Queen's University Press, 1998).

ET CETERA

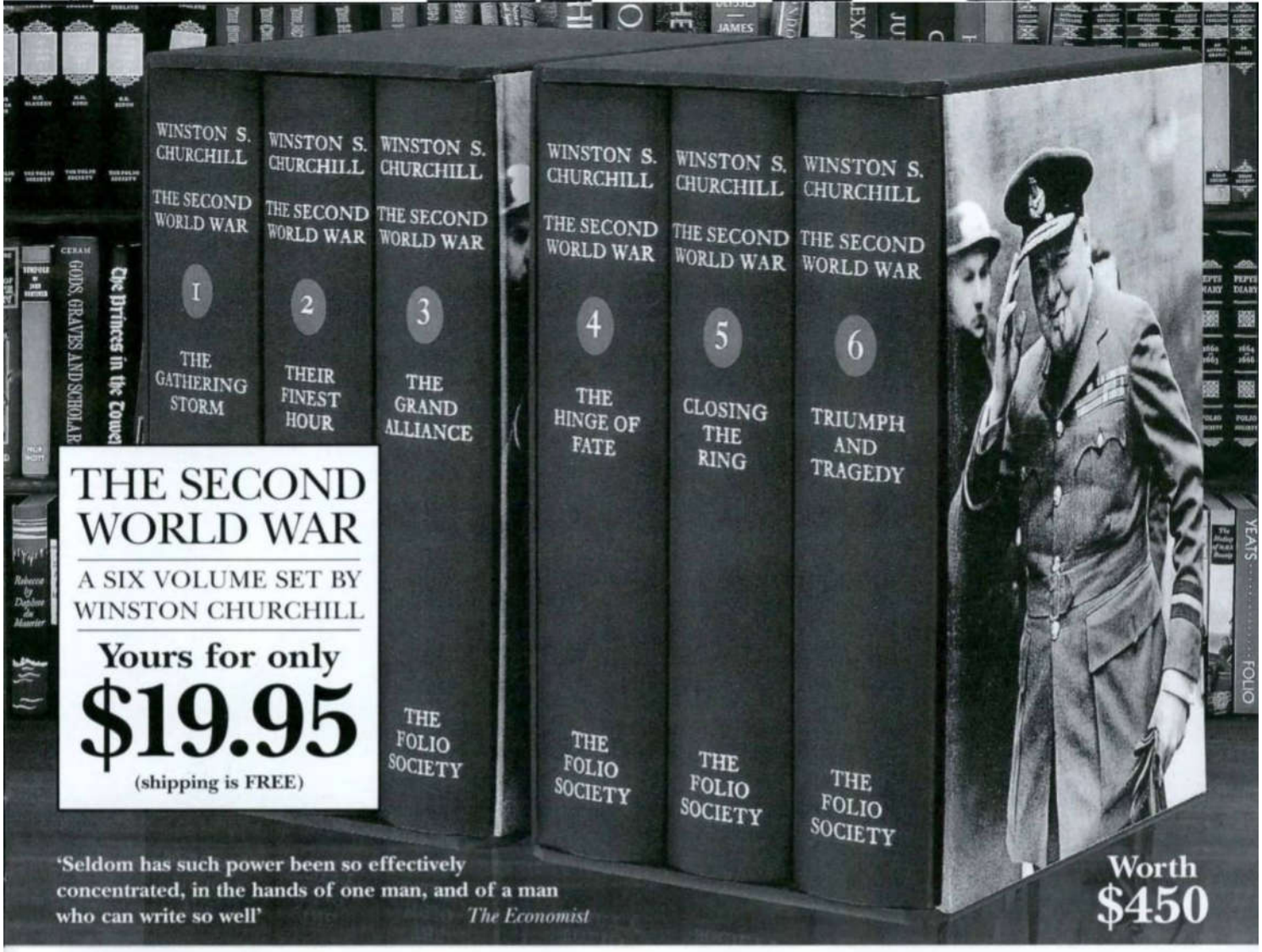
The Good Fight: Canadians and World War II **by J.L. Granatstein, and Peter Neary (eds.). Copp Clark, Toronto, 1995.**

Saints, Sinners, and Soldiers: Canada's Second World War **by Jeffrey Keshen. University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 2004.**

Rehabilitation (A Combined Operation) **by Walter S. Woods. Queen's Printer, Ottawa, 1953.**

For recent developments see: <http://www.vacacc.gc.ca/providers/sub.cfm?source=councils> and <http://www.vac-acc.gc.ca/clients/sub.cfm?source=Forces/newdeal>.

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.



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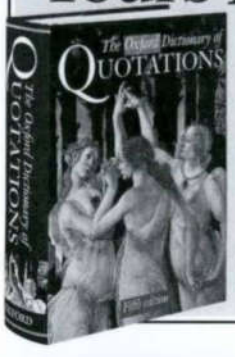

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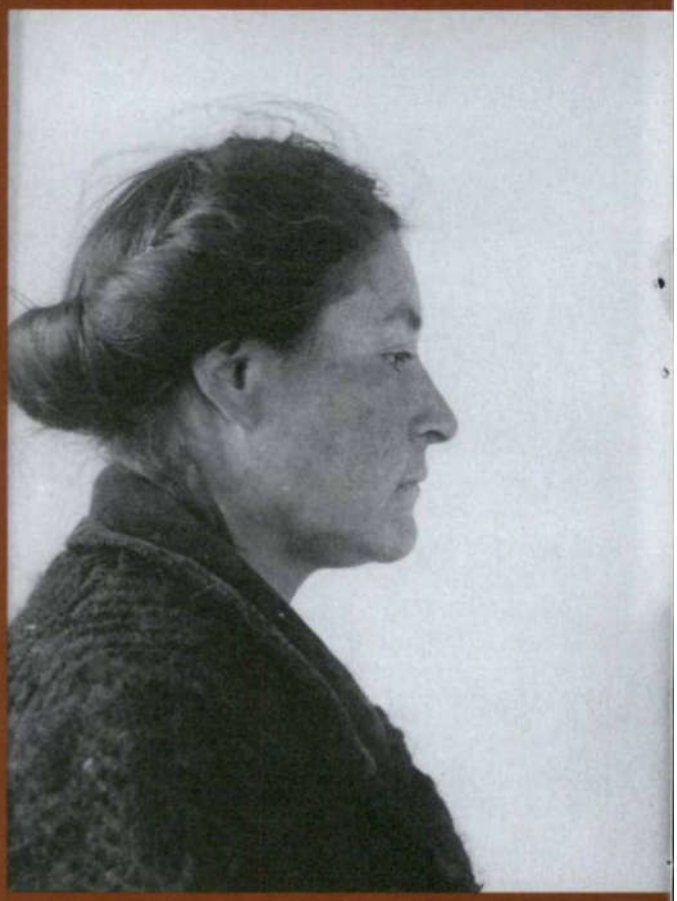
TJ5TCA

Seventy-five years ago this month, the British Privy Council ruled that Canadian women were persons under the law. What sparked this victory for women's rights was the trial of a forgotten Calgary prostitute twelve years earlier. *by Sarah Burton*

The Person Behind the Persons Case



An arrest photograph of Lizzie Cyr (a.k.a. Lizzie Waters) taken June 9, 1916, after she was apprehended for the crime of vagrancy. According to Calgary Police records, Cyr was arrested four times between 1913 and 1917, twice for vagrancy and

Not much is known of Lizzie Cyr. Her arrest record indicates she was five foot six, with brown eyes and a dark complexion. She was born in Canada and described as an "H.B." or half-breed. "Wife" is listed as her occupation, "vagrant" (or prostitute) as her criminal occupation. Her mug shot shows a woman who looks friendly but shy, maybe a little scared. However, in profile, eyes downcast and a defeated expression on her face, Cyr looks much older than her twenty-nine years.

She was turned into police by John James Ryan on May 17, 1917. Though they had known each other for a number of years, Ryan and Cyr had most recently met six days earlier. After admitting she was broke and had no place to stay, Ryan allowed Cyr to spend the night at his place. They had intercourse, for which he paid her ten dollars. The next morning, Saturday, she became sick and remained at Ryan's place for another night. By Sunday, May 13, Ryan had grown tired of her company and kicked her out. Some days later, Ryan himself became ill – with gonorrhea. Having had the disease seven years earlier, Ryan did not go to a doctor for diagnosis but went straight to the drugstore for medicine. The next day he sought out Cyr and offered her a deal: if she paid for his treatment, he wouldn't turn her in. Cyr refused and Ryan reported her to the police. She was arrested the same afternoon. She had no money in her possession.

Cyr was charged under Section 238 (a) of the Criminal Code, which states:

> Every one is a loose, idle or disorderly person or vagrant who,–
>
> a) not having any visible means of subsistence is found wandering abroad or lodging in any barn or outhouse, or in any deserted or unoccupied building, or in any cart of wagon, or in any railway carriage or freight car, or in any railway building, and not giving a good account of himself, or who, not having any visible means of maintaining himself, lives without employment.

It was a tawdry and not uncommon incident that should have passed into history unnoticed, but through a combination of circumstance and personality, the arrest and trial of Lizzie Cyr became the inciting event that would lead, more than a decade later, to one of the most famous decisions in

CALGARY POLICE SERVICE INTERPRETIVE CENTRE AND ARCHIVES

twice for drunkenness. Her 1916 arrest for vagrancy ended in a sixty-day sentence with hard labour. Her 1917 arrest, which brought John McKinley Cameron to her defence, led to six months hard labour.

Canadian jurisprudence: the Persons Case of October 18, 1929, which stated once and for all, that women were indeed considered persons under the law. Ironically, the case involved one woman denying another her right to a defence.

Cyr's trial took place on May 18, 1917, the day following her arrest. There was no jury present: though an indictable offence, vagrancy was not considered a serious enough crime to be tried by jury. Hence, the only buffer between the accused and the absolute power of the police magistrate was her defence lawyer, John McKinley Cameron.

Born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1879, John McKinley Cameron received his law degree from Dalhousie and was called to the bar in 1904. For a number of years he practised law in Nova Scotia as counsel of the Mine Workers' Union, but in 1911 (some sources say 1909) he and his family moved to Calgary. Cameron had started his own firm there by 1914, which focused primarily on criminal law. An intelligent man with an encyclopedic knowledge of the Criminal Code, Cameron soon earned a reputation for himself as a brilliant, though eccentric, lawyer. He enjoyed the simple pleasures in life, which included, on occasion, sleeping in the loft of his garage with his hunting dogs. He took a relaxed approach to the established legal profession and often appeared in court wearing mismatched, wrinkled suits and rubber boots. However, his irreverence towards dress did not extend to his work. Cameron took his career very seriously. Motivated by more than money and prestige, he often took cases where remuneration from the client was neither likely nor possible. Many of his clients came from the lower rungs of the social ladder, including miners, Chinese immigrants, gamblers, bootleggers, and prostitutes.

It is not surprising then, that in the spring of 1917, his path crossed with that of a young woman named Lizzie Cyr (alias Waters).

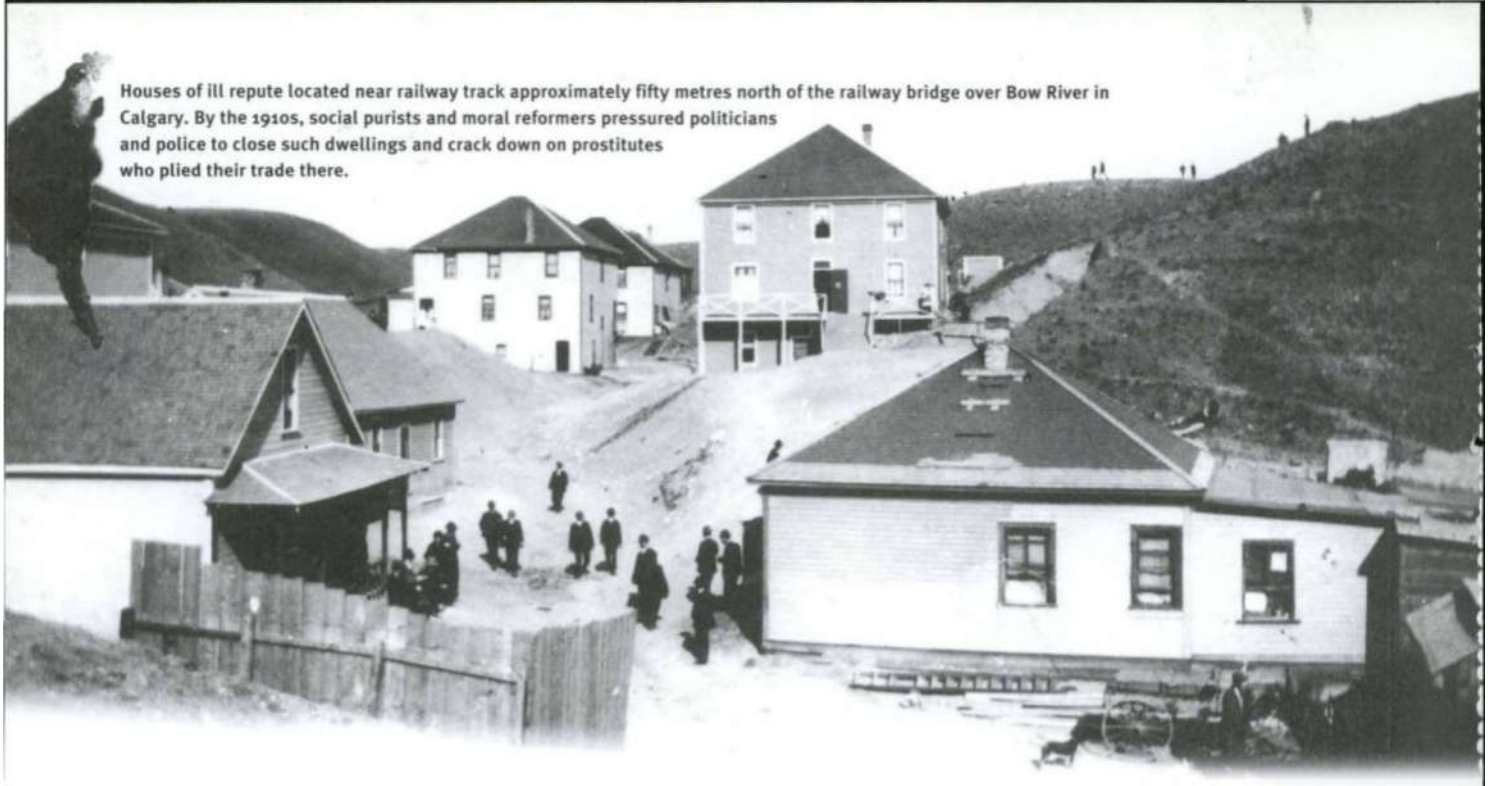
Cameron was on the offensive from the start, stating first of all his belief that the charge was unfounded: "There are hundreds of women in the city of Calgary who do not earn any money and who are not vagrants," and he entered a plea of not guilty. "I want further to object that your Honour has no power or jurisdiction to try this case."

Ryan was the first to testify; Cameron was aggressive yet witty, using Ryan's own testimony to put his virtue and his credibility in question.

Q. ...When did you consult a doctor about it [gonorrhea]?
A. I did not consult a doctor about it. When it started running I went to the drug store and bought some medicine.
Q. When was that?
A. The day before yesterday.
Q. What doctor did you see?
A. I did not see any doctor. I went to Mr. McGill and told him what was the matter and he said, 'I know the medicine you need.'
Q. Are you still running at large?
A. I am not running at large. I have got a home and working every day.
Q. Got a family?
A. No I am not married. I rent a home and I stay at home every night.
Q. You are going to behave yourself and leave the girls alone until you are cured?
A. Yes I am.

Cameron points out here that Ryan was as much of a risk to society as Cyr when it came to the spread of disease. Not only was this the second time he had been infected, but Ryan was also a self-admitted john. By sleeping with other prostitutes he could spread the disease to them, and they in turn would help spread it throughout the city of Calgary.

Q. Outside of getting diseased – was there any other objection to her?
A. The objection was I did not want to keep a prostitute in the house and she did not want to leave.



Houses of ill repute located near railway track approximately fifty metres north of the railway bridge over Bow River in Calgary. By the 1910s, social purists and moral reformers pressured politicians and police to close such dwellings and crack down on prostitutes who plied their trade there.

Q. You took the prostitute to your house?
A. Yes, for one night.
Q. And after one dose of gonorrhea you thought you should not have a prostitute in your house. ... You are sure you are absolutely virtuous and could not have got it from any other woman?

Here Cameron questions the provenance of the disease. Ryan was obviously not the most virtuous of men and presumably had interacted with prostitutes before: how could he know for sure he got the disease from Cyr? Ryan's response to this was that Cyr had been the only woman with whom he had been "doing business," to which Cameron wryly responded, "You are very moderate."

The examination continued:

Q. What do you do for a living?
A. I work.
Q. Are you working now?
A. Well, if I was not here I would be working this afternoon at the Central Methodist Church.
Q. I think you will contaminate the church. Are you still going to work for the church?
A. Yes, the Adjutant phoned me down at the Salvation Army.
Q. Did you reveal to him that you had gonorrhea?
A. No, I did not.
Q. What work are you doing down there, because we do not want an epidemic to break out in the church. ... She is charged that on the 17th day of May, she had no visible means of support. You don't know that she is a decent married woman?
A. I have seen her around.
Q. It takes two to have sexual intercourse. Are you a decent man?

Ryan, becoming irritated, responded: "I guess I am working and earning my living. ..."

Cameron may have made a fool of Ryan at the trial, but Ryan was no idiot. He knew very well that, being a male with a home and a job (at a church no less), the odds were in his favour. Otherwise, it is unlikely he would have reported Cyr to the police, since in doing so it was necessary for him to incriminate himself. He was as familiar as Cameron about society's fears of venereal disease and its prejudices towards certain groups of people.

While the authorities as well as the public had largely tolerated vagrancy and prostitution in Calgary in times gone by, by the 1910s an era of social and moral reform had arrived. Social purists and moral reformers in the form of church groups, citizens' leagues, the YWCA, and the National Council of Women pressured politicians and police alike to do something about the level of vice existing within the city. Calgary's police force, heretofore undermanned and poorly trained, was improved under the direction of police chiefs Thomas Mackie (1909–1912) and Alfred Cuddy (1912–1919). Cuddy especially inaugurated a strict clean-up campaign, closing all bawdy houses on the outskirts of the city. Besides concern and outrage over the perceived moral degeneration of the population, another factor that influenced the public attitude towards prostitution was the fear of venereal disease. Though diseases such as syphilis and gonorrhea affected all levels of society, they were primarily associated with "immoral" women. Historian David Bright writes: "In the resulting measures of coercion, inspection and prosecution, the individual rights of those suspected of infection frequently took a back seat to the alleged security of the nation." Such attitudes, as well as prevailing discriminatory feelings toward Métis and aboriginal women, were all working against Cyr when she was arrested.

Throughout his examination Ryan brought up the fact that Cyr was infected with gonorrhea and therefore posed a

GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA-2515-1

danger to the public at large: "She is not in a healthy condition to be running around and carrying that disease." He accused her of leaving her husband and, further, he implied she had an indecent relationship with a Chinese man, an association that, given the anti-Oriental prejudice of the time, would have lowered Cyr's status even more. When Ryan had gone to her place the day before the trial to get payment, he encountered this man:

A. I knocked at the door and it was locked. A few minutes after she opened the door and a Chinaman was in the room with her.

Q. The Chinaman was there for the laundry?
A. The door was locked.
Q. Did you warn the Chink against her?
A. No, when the Chink seen me he walked out.
Q. You don't know if he took anything away with him or not?
A. No, they were in the room together and the room was locked.

Cameron did not pursue this further, but instead questioned Ryan again on his disease:

Q. How do you know you have gonorrhea. Did you consult a doctor?
A. It started running.
Q. What started running?
A. My penis started running. After a man gets one dose he knows a little about it.
Q. You did not consult a doctor?
A. No...

William Symons, the arresting officer, was sworn in next. Cameron questioned Symons about the circumstances surrounding the arrest. Apparently Cyr had admitted to taking the ten dollars; however, there was no proof of the provenance of the disease. "You do not know anything about the facts in this case. You don't know whether she gave him gonorrhea or anything?" Cameron asked. "No," Symons responded, "only what he told me himself."

Here the judge, Alice Jamieson, cut in abruptly: "Lizzie Cyr, I sentence you to six months hard labour at MacLeod." This sudden statement cut Cameron's examination short. Naturally, he took objection. Cyr had had no chance to defend herself and Cameron was outraged. "I shall see that your decision is overruled!" he flung at Jamieson.

Jamieson's decision seems hasty and harsh, particularly when the reason for her appointment as police magistrate in 1916 was to ensure fair trials for female delinquents. Historian John MacLaren writes,

These women [magistrates] brought with them a different set of beliefs and values to the role of magistrate

GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA-4901-6

Alice Jamieson (above, left), Calgary, 1913. Jamieson's first legal appointment, in 1914, was as judge of a juvenile court. The decision to appoint a female judge came about when the Provincial Superintendent of Neglected Children realized that girls' credibility in court was often at risk – there had been too many cases where a minor's account of an incident such as assault had been discredited in favour of the account of an adult male witness.

John McKinley Cameron (above, right), Lizzie Cyr's legal counsel, in 1918. Though the Nova Scotia-born lawyer was a Conservative and a member of the Calgary establishment, he was also a vigorous advocate of social justice and the rights of all Canadians, frequently defending prostitutes, gamblers, drug users, and members of the city's Chinese population.

When Alice Jamieson sentenced Cyr to six months jail for vagrancy, Cameron appealed the ruling on the novel basis that Jamieson, as a woman, was legally "incompetent and incapable" of holding such an appointment. Cameron lost Cyr's appeal, however. The Alberta court legally endorsed a woman's right, as a person, to hold office. But the ruling became the platform on which, a decade later, five Alberta women could challenge the Supreme Court of Canada and its endorsement of the same "incompetent and incapable" legal argument that prevented women from being appointed to the Canadian Senate.

than their male colleagues. These views were reflected in their approaches to the problem of vice in general and the treatment of wayward females, including prostitutes, in particular. Faced as they were with the exploitation of female juveniles by procurers and pimps they felt outrage at the seemingly irresolute, unfair and insensitive way in which the criminal law was applied by male law police officers, prosecutors and magistrates.

CITY OF EDMONTON ARCHIVES / EA-10-2070

(From left) Nellie McClung, Alice Jamieson, and Emily Murphy, 1918. McClung and Murphy, along with Louise McKinney, Irene Parlby, and Henrietta Muir Edwards, were the Famous Five who in 1927 asked the Supreme Court of Canada, "Does the word 'person' in Section 24 of the BNA Act include female persons?" When the Supreme Court decided that the word "person" did not include women, the five took their case to the Privy Council of England, which in those days was Canada's highest court. The council reversed the decision and paved the way for women to participate at all levels of public life. Though not one of the five, Alice Jamieson was a leading Alberta figure in the fight for women's rights. She was active in the suffrage movement and the YWCA, and served as president of Calgary's Local Council of Women.

However, this was not to say female magistrates were tolerant of vagrant women by any means. In fact, MacLaren cites Jamieson's treatment of Lizzie Cyr as an indication of this. While female magistrates often sympathized with young or first-time offenders, "hardened" or unrepentant offenders were dealt with more severely. Magistrates such as Jamieson and Emily Murphy (the only other female police magistrate in the Commonwealth) generally felt that such delinquents would benefit from enforced confinement. Perhaps Cyr's conviction record convinced Jamieson she required a harsh sentence for her reformation. In the four years prior to her arrest

Maybe Jamieson was determined to prove that she could do her job and do it well; maybe she was simply trying to be the best judge she could be: sometimes harsh, but always impartial.

in 1917, Cyr had been arrested twice for drunkenness and once for vagrancy. The harshest sentence she served was for the former vagrancy charge: sixty days hard labour. For her latest vagrancy charge, Cyr received the maximum term of imprisonment that could be given under the Criminal Code. (In one respect she was lucky – Jamieson could have slapped an additional fifty-dollar fine on top of her prison term!)

Of course, Jamieson's job could not have been easy. Cameron's attack on her authority was likely not the first barb she'd felt, nor would it be her last. Indeed, Cameron himself would again question her qualification for the job in another trial, just seven months following Cyr's. This must have been a source of considerable stress and anxiety for Jamieson. An interview published in the *Calgary Daily Herald* March 13, 1920, quotes her:

> *Being the first woman magistrate was no position to excite envy, I assure you. I had to fight down a good deal of prejudice on the part of certain members of the legal profession and the police department. When I first assumed my duties in the police court with cold shoulders greeting me on every hand, I said to myself "I don't know why I ever came here – I don't have to do this," and then I drew myself up and said, "Well I'm here and I'm here to stay."*

Maybe Jamieson was determined to prove that she could do her job and do it well; maybe she was simply trying to be the best judge she could be: sometimes harsh, but always impartial.

Ultimately, as David Bright remarks, prostitution and vagrancy in 1917 were "crimes of status." It was not necessary to prove a specific incident in court; it was enough to have simply demonstrated that the accused led a certain type of life. This is evident in Cyr's case. In the course of his testimony, Ryan pointed out several things to demonstrate Cyr led this type of life: she was infected with gonorrhea,

NCC / CCN

characterizing her as a loose woman; he had "seen her around," implying she was a repeat offender and likely a hardened prostitute; she did not have any money; she had left her husband and therefore was without a means of support; and, finally, she associated with other undesirables of society. Obviously it was clear to Jamieson that Cyr led the kind of life that warranted a conviction and a prison sentence, even though this decision was based solely on hearsay.

John McKinley Cameron hated to lose. In fact, he appeared before the Alberta Supreme Court of Appeal more times than any other barrister between 1912 and 1932. Maybe he was a small-minded chauvinist or maybe it was something more complicated. But after losing the Cyr case in Alice Jamieson's court in the spring of 1917, Cameron appealed not only her decision but also her right to sit as magistrate. On June 14, Alberta Supreme Court Justice David Scott dismissed the application, though he himself had reservations about the right of a woman to hold office: "While I entertain serious doubt whether a woman is qualified to be appointed to that office, I am of the opinion that the legality of such an appointment cannot be questioned or inquired into on this application." So Cameron filed another application with the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Alberta. Justices Beck Stuart, C.J. Harvey, and J.J. Walsh dismissed it as well. Justice Stuart appears to have had no doubts about a woman's qualifications to hold office:

Inaugurated on October 18, 2000, on Parliament Hill, this monument, entitled "Women are Persons!" honours the Famous Five. A similar monument was erected at the Foundation at Olympic Plaza in Calgary the year before. Both are the work of Edmonton artist Barbara Paterson.

> *I therefore think that, applying the general principle upon which the common law rests, namely, that of reason and good sense as applied to new conditions, this Court ought to declare that in this Province, and at this time in our presently existing conditions, there is at common law no legal disqualification for holding public office in the government of the country arising from any distinction of sex. And in doing this I am strongly of opinion that we are returning to the more liberal and enlightened view of the middle ages in England and passing over the narrower and more hardened view which possibly by the middle of the nineteenth century had gained the ascendance in England.*

With this decision, Alberta became the first province to legally endorse women's rights, as persons, to hold office. JUDGES FIND THAT MRS. JAMIESON IS LEGALLY APPOINTED, announced the *Calgary Daily Herald* November 26, 1917.

However, Canadian policy was not consistent with that of Alberta. Emily Murphy, Henrietta Edwards, Nellie McClung, Louise McKinney, and Irene Parlby, more commonly known today as the Famous Five, challenged the Supreme Court of Canada to follow Alberta's precedent. On April 24, 1928, however, it ruled against Alberta, stating that women were not legally persons. Unwilling to back down, the Five took their case over the head of the Canadian legal system to the British Privy Council. Britain overruled Canada's decision on October 18, 1929, stating that, once and for all, women were indeed considered persons under the law.

Jamieson carried on as police magistrate throughout the fight to win women's rights as legal persons under the law. In 1931 she settled into a comfortable retirement, two years after the Persons Case was won. Cameron continued his illustrious career as well. He became most famous for his defence of Italian bootlegger Emilio Picariello and his accomplice Florence Losandro (see the *Beaver*, June/July 2004), accused of murdering Constable Stephen Lawson in 1923, a case he lost, despite his firm belief that they were innocent. Cameron continued defending cases into the 1930s. He died in 1943.

While undoubtedly a victory for most Canadian women, there is a loser in the story of the Persons Case. Jamieson's fitness to judge was upheld, which meant her decision to sentence Lizzie Cyr was also sound. Cyr served her six months at the NWMP barracks in MacLeod, in a crowded and poorly ventilated cell, susceptible to diseases such as typhoid, bronchitis, and measles. It is unclear what kind of hard labour she served. There is a record of Lizzie Cyr working as a waitress at the King Edward Hotel in Pincher Creek, a small community just southwest of Fort MacLeod, in 1922. There were other Cyrs here – perhaps she rejoined her family. After this, Lizzie Cyr, a.k.a. Waters, quietly disappears from history, a not uncommon fate, one suspects, for a penniless Métis prostitute.

Sarah Burton lives and works in Winnipeg.

by Peter Unwin

Dead Cooks & Clinking Sandwiches: The Origins of Northern Humour

Travellers stopping for a beer break on a trip to Buck Lake, Alberta, 1951.

One of the earliest known witticisms recorded in English Canada took place in 1817 in the town of Hamilton. It occurred in a prison and was uttered by a debtor confined there. The man, shackled at both feet and chained to an iron ring in the floor, offered a protest against the cold. Pointing at the stove, he warned his jailer, "Either you get that fire up, or I'm leavin'."

In 1817 this comment was thought funny enough to be preserved in memory, then finally copied on paper. Like almost all northern humour it is based on hardship. And like almost all northern humour it insists that only through a blind and proud stupidity can those hardships be survived.

A half-century later near Denbigh, Ontario, timber men sang a shanty song that celebrated the memory of a dead cook.

> *When Sandy was livin' before he was dead*
> *He gave us good grillades to eat with our bread*

Life, the lyric writer seems fit to inform us, is that brief, inconsequential thing that happens before we die.

This brutality in either grammar or logic, and often both, is the trademark of northern humour. It is heard again in a remark uttered by the editor of the *Sault Daily Star*. In 1925 James Curran attempted to prove, once and for all, that

a wolf in the wild would not attack a human being. Curran offered $1,000 to any person who could prove conclusively that he'd been set upon by a wolf. The challenge was bravely met by a CPR foreman who claimed he was operating a jigger when a wolf leapt down from a rock, landed on the speeding machine, and attempted to eat him. It seems the railway man wrestled the wolf to the ground and leapt aboard an oncoming train. The story was judged inconclusive, and the reward went unclaimed, furthering Curran's statement that "Any man who says that he's been et by a wolf is a liar."

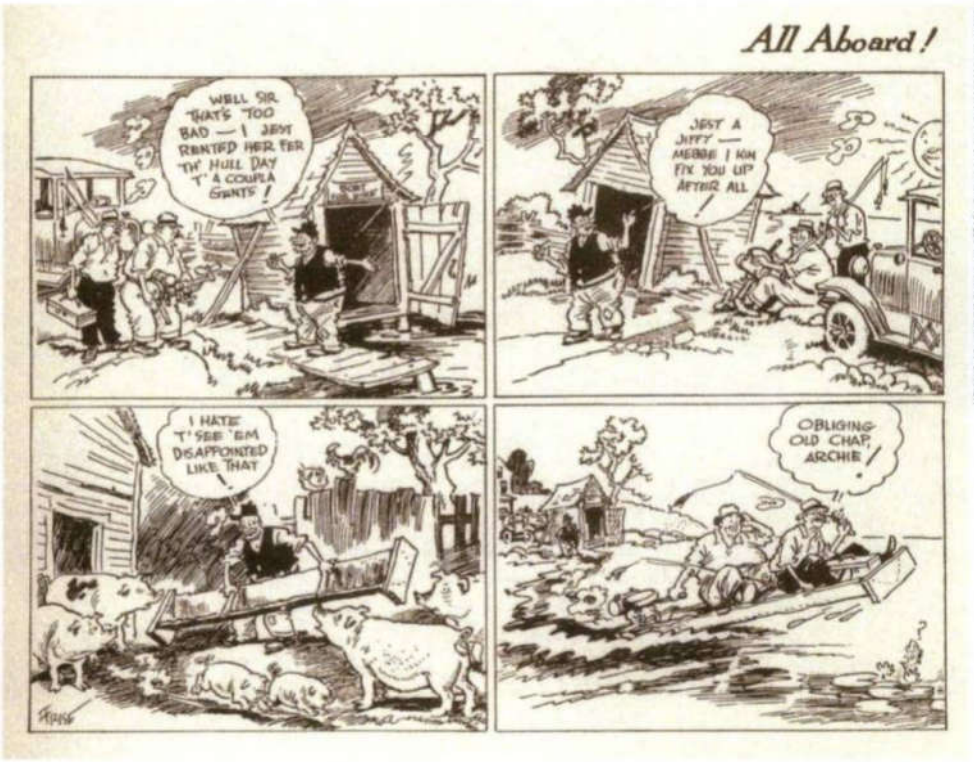
From wolf attacks to brute labour, from cholera to forest fires, from black flies to hatchet wounds, northern humour is birthed out of everyday misery. Stripped of learning and sophistication, it is often oral humour, created not so much by the author, but by the innkeeper and the jailed debtor. Examples were to be found painted on boards, such as this one hanging from an old Ontario tavern in the early 1800s: GOOD FOOD AND ACCOMMODATION FOR BOTH MAN AND HORSE. Here the formal literacy of England has all but given up hope, and is already rotting in the bush.

Three quarters of a century later Old World cleverness had all but given up the ghost. In 1913 a sign hung in the lobby of the Stag Hotel in Golden City, Ontario, stated succinctly, WE KNOW THIS HOTEL IS ON THE BUM. WHAT ABOUT YOURSELF?

This aggressive dim-wittedness is what distinguishes Canadian humour from its English parent. The epigram, the witty remark as uttered by the cultured Englishman, reveals just the opposite – the cleverness of the speaker. Two centuries ago Chief Justice Elmsley of old Toronto wrote to a friend: "There is no news here except the death of my Parrot who departed this life the day before yesterday without a will." This charming remark, though composed on North American soil, is still patently European humour, whimsical, privileged, and the product of a gentleman with too much time on his hands.

Similarly, when Oscar Wilde stood among honeymooners atop Niagara Falls and proclaimed it to be "the bride's second biggest disappointment," he was revealing himself to be a man of extreme sophistication. Not only was he slandering the performance of Englishmen in the bedroom and scandalously implying Englishwomen might *care* about this sort of thing, he was also celebrating an urbane indifference to nature. The genius does not care about water crashing over rocks. In continental humour, the mind, the wit, and the execution of one's own superior intelligence are what matter. Nature has no place here. Nature, as New York humorist Fran Leibowitz explains, is what happens between the hotel and the taxi.

In the North, however, nature *is* what matters. Nature causes the taxi to skid out of control, and burns the hotel to the ground. Rather than being tedious, nature is fast and brutal and makes a mockery of sophistication, even of common sense. In the deadly cold and yawning loneliness of the North, suicide beckons, but offers no real solution. As Stephen Leacock informs us, we should probably not commit suicide because "it often involves serious consequences."


All Aboard!
WELL SIR, THAT'S TOO BAD — I JEST RENTED HER FER TH' HULL DAY T' A COUPLA SAINTS!
JEST A JIFFY — MEBBE I KIN FIX YOU UP AFTER ALL
I HATE T' SEE 'EM DISAPPOINTED LIKE THAT
OBLIGING OLD CHAP, ARCHIE

© PUBLIC DOMAIN / SOURCE: BISSETT CENTRE – FRISE, WITH A COMMENTARY BY GREGORY CLARK AND AN INTRODUCTION BY GORDON SINCLAIR. TORONTO: MCCLELLAND AND STEWART [C1941] / NATIONAL LIBRARY OF CANADA

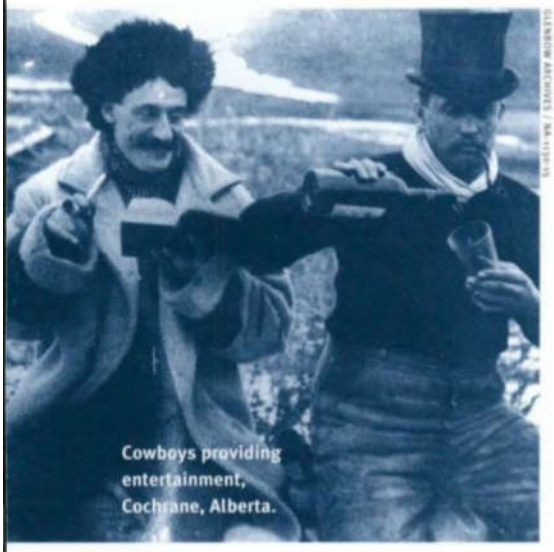
Image from a comic book by Jimmy Frise (1891–1948), a cartoonist prominent between the wars. His whimsical work about life in small-town Canada appeared regularly in the *Toronto Star* and the *Montreal Standard*.

The argument can be made that the shape and originality of northern wit is the result of a hard-boiled immigrant experience grafted onto the indigenous humour of the First Peoples. "The Indian," wrote Peter

There is hardly any northern or frontier humour that is not heavily soused in [alcohol].

Spohn in 1811, "has a great sense of humour, loving jests, games, dancing, and merry-making."* Unfortunately we do not possess an extensive record of what these jests were. Possibly it was a humour expressed in physical language or song. Just as possibly it was a dry, stoical, resignation to the hardships of northern life, expressed with delicious crudity.

In 1850, lecturer and author George Copway recorded the following "joke," which took place between two Ojibwa chiefs at a Washington dinner. Unaccustomed to the white man's table, one chief swallowed a bowl of mustard. Seeing the tears stream from his eyes, his companion asked, "Brother why do you weep?" The chief answered, "I am thinking about my son who was killed in battle." The second chief swallowed his own bowl of mustard and also began to cry. The first asked, "And why do you weep?" "Because," the chief answered, "*you* were not killed in battle along with your son!"



Cowboys providing entertainment, Cochrane, Alberta.

More recently the story is told of an Inuit elder being pestered by a visiting city journalist. The man, on assignment in Baffin Island, had grown deathly afraid of polar bears and demanded to know what he was supposed to do if attacked by one. The old Inuk gave the matter some thought, folded his arms, and answered sagely, "Use your common sense." The response reveals the chasm between two cultures, one in which "using your common sense," is a euphemism for dying an extremely gruesome death.

The humour of the north is also the humour of alcohol. There is hardly any northern or frontier humour that is not heavily soused in it.

Remove the drinking jokes from Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* and not fifty pages would be left. The same observation can be made of the American humorist, O. Henry, who opened one of his drinking stories with the memorable line, "Baldy Woods reached for the bottle, and got it."

The line fits neatly alongside Leacock's boozy observations: "You know, I think, the peculiar walk of a man with two bottles of whiskey in the inside pockets of a linen coat." Here is heard the grammatical contortions that sound the pulse of northern humour. It is heard again when he concludes that a certain picnic cooler must be full of sandwiches because – "I think I can hear them clinking."

Often northern humour appears in unlikely places. *The Calgary Eye Opener* once suggested that "a man driven to drink usually has to walk home." When the famous distiller Hiram Walker passed away, a newsman for the same paper who wrote Walker's obituary, had the gall to conclude, "We are pleased to note that his spirit is still with us."

These sorts of liberties are a defining trademark of northern wit, regardless of whether they take place on the American or Canadian side of the border. In 1980 the town council of Eagle Harbour, Michigan, on the south side of Lake Superior, found it necessary to spend $30,000 to replace the local foghorn. A grumpy councillor complained, "Thirty thousand dollars for a new foghorn, and *we've still got fog*."

Eventually this sort of grammatical freedom would be eclipsed by a new generation of men and women; writers, editors, critics who fawned on Europe, longed for New York, and aped the styles of London in a desperate attempt to appear sophisticated. The pages of Canadian magazines would soon fill with their yappings, and the age of indoor writing would begin.

The Golden Age of the North and of northern funny men was coming to an end. No longer would people compose and exchange such flawless couplets as:

My name is Johnny Hall
And I'm from Montreal

They would not depart from each other with the benediction, "May your roof not cave in." Nor would they tell the tale of Paddy Garvey who went "up the Karcajoo" carrying an iron stove and leading a pregnant sow on a rope. Unfortunately the sow gave birth, forcing Paddy to chase the newborn piglets around the forest while lugging a cast-iron stove on his afflicted back. Today the new and sophisticated Canadian would simply *put the stove down*.

But before that happened, this drunken wit of the Ottawa Valley was to get off one last ringing toast to northern humour. Staggering home one night in a stupor, Paddy Garvey was confronted by the village priest. "Drunk again, Paddy?" the priest demanded. To which the blithe Irishman answered, "Me too, father, me too." 🖼

*Some examples of First Nations' humour may be found in "Blueberry Warriors and Men with Horns: Fantasy & Folly in the New World," by Joyce Wright, the *Beaver* February/March 2002.

Peter Unwin is a Toronto writer. His most recent book is *The Wolf's Head: Writing Lake Superior*, published by Viking Canada.

Picturing Isaac Brock

Heroes attract legends like magnets attract iron. But what is really true about Isaac Brock, the saviour of Upper Canada? by Robert Malcomson

Sir Isaac Brock (above, centre) by John Wycliffe Lowes Forster (1850–1938), an oil painting commissioned in 1900 by the Ontario government. Forster used as his model a watercolour and pastel portrait of Brock attributed to William Berczy, an Upper Canadian painter, architect, and colonizer who died less than four months after Brock. The Berczy portrait was owned by the Miss Tuppers, nieces and heirs of Brock who lived in St. Peter Port, Guernsey, England, Brock's birthplace. There's no evidence, however, that Brock sat for the Berczy portrait.

Previous page, bottom: *Battle of Queenston Heights* by John David Kelly (1862–1958). The battle, October 13, 1812, came four months after the United States declared war on Great Britain, at the height of the Napoleonic Wars, and struck at Britain's only possession on the North American continent, Canada. It was the third in a series of clashes over the summer and fall that year in which the Americans were defeated and their strategy to quickly take Canada was frustrated. At Queenston, American militia gained control of the escarpment early in the morning. Brock, commanding British and Canadian forces, led the charge to regain the position, but was shot and killed. Kelly's 1896 painting shows the athletic figure of a handsome hero urging his troops forward with his last breath. Its mythic qualities are furthered by the depiction of British troops in uniforms showing incorrect details for 1812, fighting on a piece of ground that bears little similarity to Queenston Heights, alongside native allies who did not arrive on the battlefield until hours after Brock died. The British were victorious, taking almost a thousand American prisoners. Part of the cost, however, was the loss of the intelligent and much-admired Brock.

"He was withal the ugliest officer I ever saw." Such words hardly seem suitable for describing one of the icons of early Canadian history, but this is how a contemporary depicted Major General Isaac Brock. The British general, who was arguably the most admired individual in the province of Upper Canada at the time of the War of 1812 and who gave his life defending it during the battle at Queenston Heights, is customarily portrayed as athletic and handsome. Can it be true that Brock was ugly?

The man who penned these words did so with a jaundiced eye. He was Captain George Sanderson of the Ohio militia and a reluctant witness to one of Brock's finest hours, the surrender of an American army under Brigadier General William Hull at Detroit in August 1812.

Chagrined by Hull's ignominious defeat, Sanderson viewed Brock as "a heavily built man, about six foot three inches in height, broad shoulders, large hips and lame, walking with a cane. One of his eyes, the left one I think, was closed." Another Ohio militiaman present, William Stanley Hatch, was less critical of this "officer of distinction. ... His personal appearance was commanding; he must have been six feet three or four inches in height; very massive and large boned, though not fleshy, and apparently of immense muscular power."

Even if Hatch's milder view of Isaac Brock is correct, it barely fits portraits of Brock such as John D. Kelly's 1890s image of a lean and handsome hero, urging his men forward with his final breath on the slope below Queenston Heights on October 13, 1812. Can the American officers' dejection have affected their eyesight that much?

The truth is that none of the existing portraits of Brock can be said to accurately depict the general. Like some of the stories about Brock, most of the images seen today are based on speculation, spiced with a dash of hero worship.

Captain John Glegg, Forty-ninth Regiment of Foot, was the general's aide-de-camp and a confidant during Brock's final decade, all but a few months of which he spent in Canada. After Brock's death, Glegg wrote to Brock's brother William, "I regret to say that I never possessed a good likeness of your Brother, nor did he ever sit for it being taken in this Country." An examination of Brock portraits in the late 1970s by Ludwig Kosche for *Archivaria*, the journal of the Association of Canadian Archivists, concluded that they are mainly imagined depictions the general in his later life. The best extant images are a miniature that may show a bewigged Brock as a teenaged ensign in the Eighth Regiment of Foot and a pastel side view of the general that may be what Glegg and Brock's family believed was not a good likeness.

There is truth, however, in what the American officers at Detroit wrote. Ferdinand Brock Tupper, the general's nephew and original biographer, remembered him as "tall, erect and well proportioned, although in his latter years his figure was perhaps too portly." Brock himself wrote of "the enormity" of his head and the difficulty he had in finding a suitable hat in Canada; one that he ordered to measure twenty-four inches around the inside arrived at Quebec shortly after his death. Furthermore, when a study was made of the uniform coat Brock wore the day he was killed, it was found to be large enough to fit a six-foot, two-inch man with a forty-seven inch waist. Apart from these features, however, much of Brock's appearance, even to the colour and style of his hair is guesswork.

The truth is that none of the existing portraits of Brock can be said to accurately depict the general.

In the same way that portraits of the general continue to be accepted as the genuine article, unsubstantiated stories about him are told and retold as if true. One of the most popular is that the general was engaged to be married at the time of his death.

"I was intimately acquainted," Captain Glegg informed William Brock, "with your Brothers sentiments on the most private subjects." But Glegg made no mention of a fiancée and neither did any other of Brock's contemporaries. Certainly, Brock had an eye for the ladies as shown by remarks in his correspondence about "the well bred and very agreeable" Mrs. Francis Gore and the "charming little creature" that Colonel John Murray, a staff officer with the British army at Quebec, married. It seems that Brock listened to a friend who advised "You should be married, particularly as fate seems to desire to detain you so long in Canada – but pray do not marry there."

Legend has it that a Canadian girl won Brock's heart. This was twenty-year-old Sophie Shaw, daughter of Aeneas Shaw, one of Upper Canada's founders, who was said to be staying with the family of John and Ellen Powell, her sister, just outside the town of Niagara. Before dawn on that cold and windy Tuesday, the story goes, as Brock was riding to investigate the fighting that had erupted at Queenston, he reined in his horse to pay a visit to Sophie. She met him at the doorstep with a cup of coffee and he remained in his saddle while he drank it down. Bidding her adieu, he charged off to Queenston and death.

This story first appeared in 1908 when Walter Nursey published *The Story of Isaac Brock: Hero, Defender and Saviour of Upper Canada*. Nursey credited his mother-in-law, a descendant of the Powells, for giving him the facts about the Shaw connection to Brock, but no other supporting evidence of the arrangement appears to exist. When Katherine McKenna published *A Life of Propriety: Anne Murray Powell*

Among the few personal belongings sent home to England to the Brock family was this uniform coat that Brock was wearing when he died after being shot in the chest at Queenston Heights. Presented to the National Archives of Canada in 1909, it is now on display at the Canadian War Museum, Ottawa.

and Her Family, 1755–1849 in 1994, she made no mention of the engagement. Her book, an academic investigation of the social history of early Canada, briefly covers the failed romance between Anne Powell and Brock's provincial aide-de-camp, John Macdonell (who died from wounds received at Queenston), but there is nothing in it of a tryst between the general and Shaw. Understandably, few of Brock's biographers have repeated the tale.

Sophie still looms large, however, and is even said to be the reason why Brock remained in Canada in 1812. It is true that he was tired of his posting here, referring to it as "the uninteresting and insipid life I am doomed to lead in this retirement." But early in 1812 when he received permission to return to England, he declined the opportunity. He claimed that he felt duty bound to stay in what he termed "a high ostensible situation," but another matter might have influenced his decision.

The bank in which William Brock had been a senior official defaulted in 1811, throwing the general and his brothers into debt. When Brock was appointed acting head of the government of Upper Canada later that year he pledged his £1,000 salary to help pay off the debt, giving him a second reason for remaining in Canada. He also knew that the war with the United States could earn him some prize money – a portion of the price paid by the British government for goods captured in battle. Indeed, when he described his success at Detroit in one of his last letters to his brothers, Brock added: "It is supposed that the value of the articles captured will amount to 30 or £40,000; in that case, my proportion will be something considerable." So, Isaac Brock certainly had more reasons than Miss Shaw to remain here.

Linked like Sophie to Brock's last ride is the story of Alfred the horse. It first appeared in *The Battle of Queenston Heights*, written by John Symons in 1859. The author wrote that "Agreeably to his usual custom he rose before day light, and hearing the cannonade [at Queenston], awoke Major [*sic*] Glegg and called for his horse Alfred, which Sir James Craig had presented to him." Since then Brock's biographers have mentioned Alfred more often than Sophie, even though the only documentary reference to the horse is in a letter to Brock explaining that Craig, governor in chief of British North America, heading home to England, was leaving "his favorite horse Alfred" at Quebec for Brock. There appears to be no record that the general arranged for the horse's shipment to Upper Canada, and not one of the eyewitnesses to Brock's last ride and the fighting at Queenston wrote of Alfred. Whereas the Duke of Wellington's horse Copenhagen and Robert E. Lee's Traveler are included in recollections of other battles, Brock's Alfred, though memorialized in bronze and, at one point, the name of a pub at Brock University in St. Catharines, Ontario, seems to have left no authenticated footprints.

Why have these stories become so popular? One reason is that an authoritative and complete biography of Isaac Brock has yet to be written, so details of his life, some of them far more intriguing than make-believe, are not well known.

For instance, little has ever been said about the ten-year-old boy, orphan of a Captain Ellis of the Forty-ninth Foot, who lived under Brock's care. After the general's death, Glegg arranged for the boy's education and support, assuring William Brock that Isaac had "left no natural child for your care." How did young Ellis come to end up with Brock? What happened to him? Did he leave recollections of the great man?

And although Brock formed a good but brief relationship with the native leader Tecumseh, he had a low opinion of the Grand River Six Nations who were involved in the defence of the Niagara River. He considered them a "fickle race," and not the kind of force he would want guarding his flank during a retreat. It was through close conciliatory work with their leader, John Norton, however, that Brock secured a commitment from them. Had he lived to see the way in which Norton's warriors attacked the American invaders on Queenston Heights and changed the flow of battle, he might have changed his mind.

Furthermore, Brock was not an experienced battlefield officer. In a career that spanned nearly thirty years, he had led troops into battle only once before 1812, as part of a 10,000-man force that attacked the town of Egmont-aan-Zee, thirty kilometres northwest of Amsterdam, on October 2, 1799. That day he was knocked down by a spent musket ball, but rose to resume command.

Thirteen years later, on October 13 at Queenston, he heroically took charge of a weak counterattack, was felled by another musket ball, and did not rise again. Except to become one of the most prominent figures in early Canadian history, a genuine hero, cloaked in a hero's unavoidable legends.

Robert Malcomson is a writer from St. Catharines, Ontario. His latest book, *A Very Brilliant Affair: The Battle of Queenston Heights, 1812*, was published in Toronto by Robin Brass Studio in July 2003.

ET CETERA

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The Invasion of Canada, 1812–1813 **by Pierre Berton. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1980.**

The Mysterious Death of Peter Verigin

Eighty years ago, a charismatic Doukhobor leader died in a spectacular railway explosion. His death remains unsolved. by Larry Hannant

Known by the single name "Lordly," he lived like royalty among a modest people whose motto was "Toil and Peaceful Life." He was revered as a semideity. On his travels, he was often accompanied by a choir of young women singing his praises. He commanded an empire that encompassed tens of thousands of acres of land spread over three western Canadian provinces. His public statements were studied by politicians and became the grist for many newspaper headlines.

Peter Vasilevich Verigin's aristocratic presence inspired thousands of his Doukhobor followers. But it also incited jealousy, both outside and inside his community.

When 7,500 Doukhobors first arrived in Canada in 1899, they were labelled "Clifford Sifton's pets" because government critics believed that the new Russian immigrants were receiving excessively generous treatment from the interior minister, who regarded them as a key component of peopling the prairie West.

Farmers and townsfolk in the areas bordering Verigin's empire resented his economic power. The Doukhobor commune relied on a cheap, internal labour supply and bought its supplies in bulk from outside the region. The contempt of residents in Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia for these Russian immigrants and their insular way of life was shared by provincial governments. Official bias was demonstrated by restrictions on the Doukhobors' right to vote, by nonrecognition of their marriages, and by determined efforts to corral their children into state schools.

During World War I, people whose sons were forced into military service objected that young Doukhobor men won exemption because their pacifism was recognized by the Canadian government. At the end of the war and into the early 1920s, nativist sentiment mounted, especially in British Columbia. The Doukhobors were a highly visible target, and no Doukhobor was more visible than Peter Verigin.

Verigin also had enemies among the Doukhobors themselves. In the space of a few years after 1899, three internal dissident movements emerged. One was the Independents, who surveyed the prosperity Canada promised and reached out for it. They resented Lordly's restraining hand on their ambition, and thousands abandoned the commune.

Another challenge to Verigin was Doukhobor zealots, who were appalled by the turncoats in their own ranks. The path of private accumulation chosen by the Independents represented an abandonment of true Doukhobor principles, and the zealots took it unto themselves to warn any of their fellows who contemplated such a desertion. These Sons of Freedom, as they would become known, started by burning threshing machines and other signs of modernity. But by the early 1920s, the radicals were attacking bigger targets – schools built by the Doukhobor commune and even Verigin's splendid home at Brilliant, in southern B.C. Verigin found himself squeezed between determined opponents of assimilation and governments that were determined to enforce it.

Even among Verigin's closest followers there were skeptics, dubbed "pseudo-believers." They were the managers of his vast commercial empire who had acquired a degree of power and comfort unknown to ordinary Doukhobors. Interested in material gain, they supported Verigin as long as he served their interests. By 1924, some were wondering if it was in their interests to see him out of the way.

Verigin also faced a formidable challenge in his son, Peter Petrovich Verigin. Raised in Russia by Lordly's divorced wife, the younger Verigin visited Canada in 1905. The reuniting of father and son yielded not reconciliation but recrimination. Peter Petrovich, then twenty-five, openly ridiculed his father as a "crook and bandit, liar and cheat," and an "old reprobate" who had no mind for "anything but young girls." No one else dared to speak this way about Lordly, and after a few months the son was ordered to return to Russia. Before departing, Peter Petrovich reportedly threatened to kill his father.

Shortly after the train had left Farron, between Castlegar and Grand Forks, a powerful explosion shattered the coach's dark silence.

By October 1924 Peter Verigin saw be-

Some seven thousand people attended the funeral of Peter V. Verigin on a hillside overlooking Brilliant, B.C.

fore him many challenges. He hinted to his followers that his remaining time with them might be brief. Few guessed just how brief.

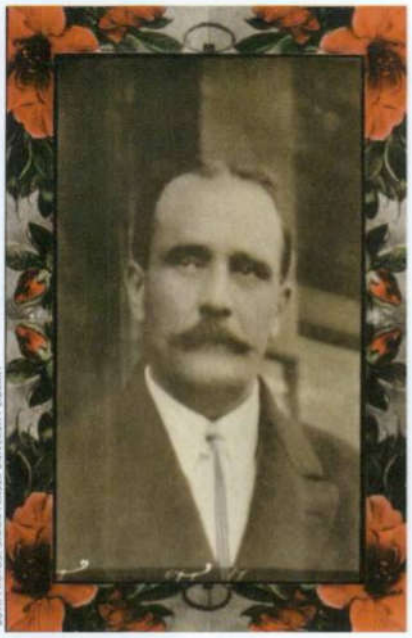
Late in the evening of October 28, 1924, Verigin boarded a Canadian Pacific Railway train at Brilliant, B.C., the headquarters of his empire, bound for Grand Forks, 140 kilometres west. The sixty-four-year-old leader was accompanied by his current favourite, twenty-year-old Mary Strelaeff. Already on the train was the newly elected MLA for Grand Forks, John McKie. They were joined at Castlegar by other passengers, including several Doukhobors.

Just past one in the morning, shortly after the train had left Farron, between Castlegar and Grand Forks, a powerful explosion shattered the coach's dark silence. Centred under Verigin's seat, the explosion blew away the roof and sides of the car coach. Of the twenty-one persons in the car, all but two were killed or injured. More than half of the passengers were blown clear of the car. The body of Peter Verigin, one leg gone entirely, was found fifteen metres from the car, near John McKie's. Verigin, Strelaeff, McKie, and six others died in the explosion.

Speculation immediately turned to a plot against Verigin. Members of his own community, particularly the Sons of Freedom, were suspected. The remains of an Italian clock wired to a battery were found blown almost seventy-five metres away by the force of the blast. This discovery turned the inquiry toward the theory that a time bomb was responsible.

The CPR wished to discount any claim that the gas used to heat and light the car caused the blast. This might explain why a CPR investigator pointed to a mysterious and never-located Russian watchmaker, Metro Grishen, whose bomb-making expertise could have been used by dissidents within the Doukhobor community.

But Grishen could equally have been a tool of the Soviet government, intent upon punishing Verigin's affront to the USSR. Verigin's star was not high in Russia. Soon after the Bolshevik Revolution, Soviet officials had made overtures to



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Three years after the death of Peter V. Verigin, his son Peter P. Verigin (above, left) arrived in British Columbia from Soviet Russia to assume leadership of the Doukhobors. The son of Peter V. Verigin's divorced first wife, he was estranged from his father.

(Above, right) Peter Vasilevich Verigin, second from left, in 1924, shortly before his death, with his companion Mary Strelaeff. Born in Russia in 1859, Verigin became leader in 1886 of the Doukhobors, a Christian sect opposed to the Russian Orthodox Church and secular government and fiercely resistant to military service. Exiled to Siberia in 1887, Verigin was not released until 1902 when Russian authorities allowed him to join the more than seven thousand of his brethren who had been admitted to Canada in 1899, in part with the financial assistance of novelist Leo Tolstoy, who sympathized with their pacifism. The Doukhobors settled first in Saskatchewan where the Canadian government allowed them their communal land system, Russian-language schools, and pacifist beliefs. But they refused to bow to pressure to swear an oath of allegiance to the Crown in 1905 when Saskatchewan became a province, which was a condition for the final granting of homestead titles. Wary of state intrusion, Verigin led most of his followers to British Columbia to establish new communal villages in the present-day Castlegar area. In B.C., however, tensions grew and the Doukhobors split into independent factions. Verigin's death may have been related to the growing dissent and complex politics within the Doukhobor community.

Verigin, inviting him and his followers back to Mother Russia to assist in its reconstruction. The Doukhobors, after all, were skilled farmers who knew how to operate a commune. But after considering the idea, Verigin demurred, snubbing the Soviets.

In the 1960s, the RCMP would devote many hours to tracking down an entirely different theory – that Verigin's own son, Peter Petrovich, was behind his father's death.* The RCMP concluded in 1963 that there was too little evidence to confirm or refute this theory. But one fact is certain: The younger Verigin would become the supreme Doukhobor leader in 1927 after heeding the call from the Doukhobor community to abandon Russia and come to Canada.

Another view, put forward by many Doukhobors at the time and that some continue to believe to the present day, was that the Canadian government had assassinated their revered leader.

Yet another theory suggests that the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan from Oregon killed Verigin, in order to throttle his contemplated move to Oregon. In early 1924 Verigin had considered relocating his beleaguered people. He visited Oregon and bought land there. Locals feared any transfer of pacifist Russian "communists" to the U.S., and the prospect outraged the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan.

An intensive investigation by provincial police and the CPR yielded nothing. A provincial government reward of $2,000 for information leading to an arrest and conviction led to neither. Accident or assassination? Every possible explanation of the cause of Peter Verigin's death still remains nothing more than theory.

*The theory was advanced by journalist Simma Holt, who was investigating the Sons of Freedom, a small radical Doukhobor splinter group, for her book *Terror in the Name of God*, published in 1964. Holt concluded that the younger Peter Verigin was the instigator of Freedomite violence, which had seriously escalated by the early 1960s. Since many Doukhobors were convinced the Canadian government killed Peter V. Verigin – a conviction that seemed to justify retaliatory violence by the Freedomites – some members of the RCMP set out to prove Holt's thesis.

Larry Hannant is the coscriptwriter of a documentary film on the Doukhobors, *The Spirit Wrestlers*, and is working on a book about Peter V. Verigin's death and life. He is a professor of history at the University of Victoria and Camosun College in Victoria.

ET CETERA

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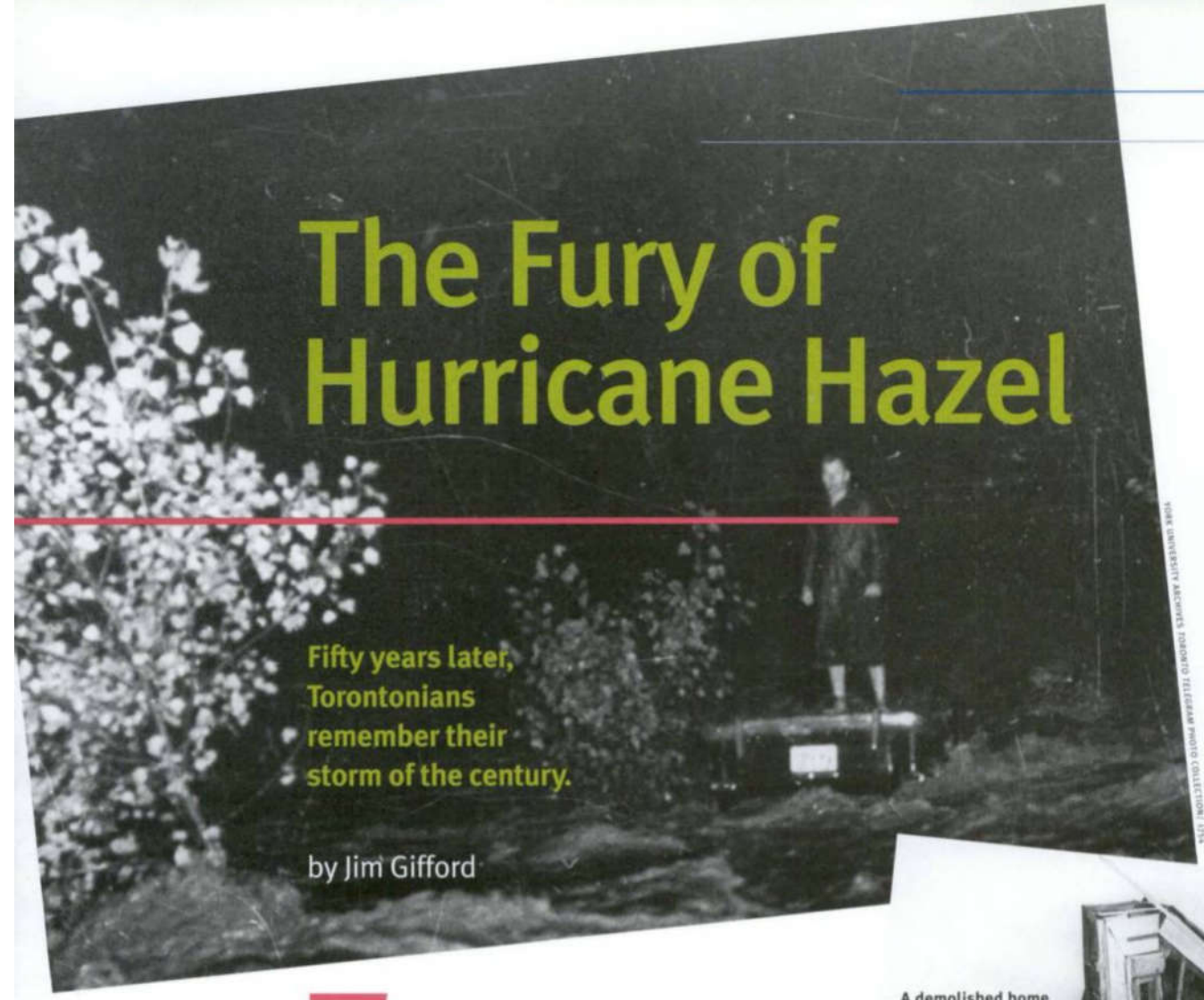
The Fury of Hurricane Hazel

Fifty years later, Torontonians remember their storm of the century.

by Jim Gifford



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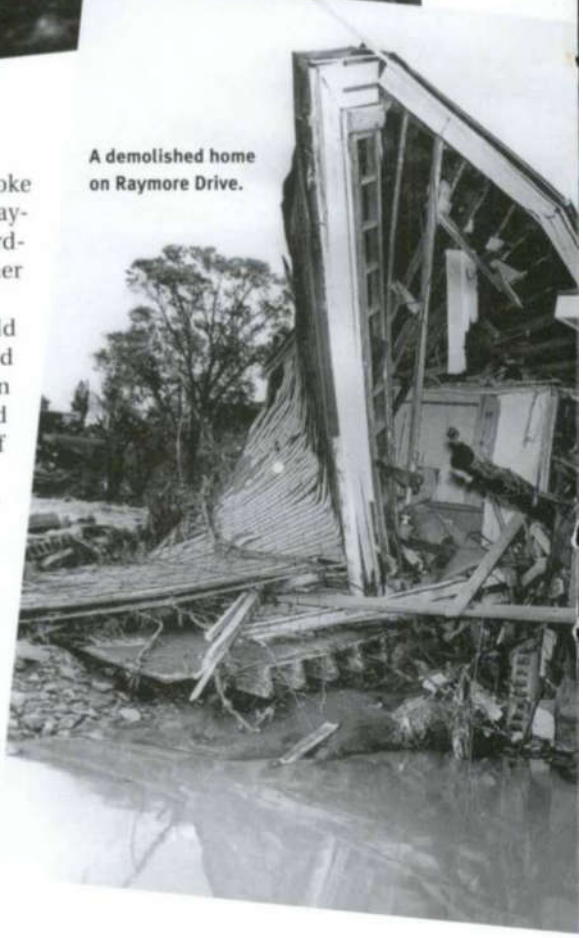

A demolished home on Raymore Drive.

TORONTO POLICE MUSEUM

Early on October 15, 1954, southern Ontario woke up expecting a Friday like any other. It was payday for some, time to take some of that hard-earned money and treat the family to a dinner out. The forecast: "Rain tonight."

Meteorologists had forecasted that Toronto would feel some of the effects of Hurricane Hazel, which had killed between four hundred and a thousand people in Haiti and had crashed into the Carolinas, Virginia, and Washington, D.C. Later, the media would make much of the understated weather forecast.

It had already been raining for days, so the steady rains that hammered the city on October 15 did not seem unusual. But the rain kept coming, and coming harder.

"At six o'clock the sky was black and there was two inches of water on the ground," remembers Nick Chometa, then a teenager living in Toronto's west end. "I couldn't see more than a few feet in front of me, couldn't see the sides of the road. I drove down a ditch into a culvert and bent in the bumper of my dad's new car."

Winds reached ninety kilometres per hour, gusting to 115 kilometres, and the rain fell fast and hard,

Directing cars away from flooded areas near his home, Alex Nicholson (left) sat atop his car for two and a half hours awaiting rescue, then spent another three hours in a tree.

more than twenty centimetres in the west end alone. Hazel was no longer a hurricane, downgraded to an extratropical storm fed by a cold front that had sped east over the prairies. But for everyone who remembers that night, she was Hurricane Hazel.

The rain reached the already-sodden city hours before the eye reached the north shore of Lake Ontario. As the skies darkened, the streets of Toronto flooded. "I had trouble getting through the underpass at King and Dufferin because of all of the water," recalls Al Brierley, who was driving home from work. Police and fire switchboards lit up as Hazel's eye swirled above.

At 11 P.M. on October 15, Hazel officially hit Toronto, but the fury of the storm reached the city much earlier in the day. Roads and underpasses were flooded. Water poured in through basement windows. Bridges at Bloor and Dundas streets and Old Mill and Albion roads were damaged, and the bridge at Lawrence Avenue was washed out. Several motorists could not tell that the bridges were out and drove into the rivers. Some climbed onto their cars or into trees to escape the torrent, but many would not survive.

The Humber River, which snakes south from Woodbridge through Etobicoke and out into Lake Ontario, became a lethal, writhing mass of water and debris. Water poured over its banks and tore through houses and cottages all along its route. In a cottage settlement and at Lakeview Trailer Camp in Long Branch, a village in the far southwest corner of the city on the lake, Hazel took seven lives. The river uprooted trees, houses, and garages, sending them tumbling south in the roiling river.

Earlier in the evening, men walked up and down Raymore Drive, near Lawrence Avenue and Scarlett Road, telling residents to seek the safety of higher ground, but a long-time resident who had seen the river flood before convinced many to stay in their houses, a decision that cost thirty-two inhabitants of Raymore Drive their lives.

As the residents waited out the storm, one end of a swing bridge over the Humber broke free. It blocked the flow of the river and redirected water and debris directly at Raymore Drive.

Dave Phillips, on his way home from a date, was a witness to the destruction: "The homes were literally lifted off their foundations and swept away. You could hear the people screaming. Many of them were standing on their roofs. In many cases the screaming just stopped; the homes just disintegrated, and that was the end of it."

Raymore resident Joe Ward dug at the roof of his house with screwdriver and fingernails, ripping open a hole for himself and his wife, Annie, to escape through. As the wind and rain wailed around the Wards, who had reached the safety of a nearby roof, they watched flashlight beams in other houses climb higher as terrified residents fled to their attics, but then the beams would go out.

Onlookers on the Weston side of the Lawrence Avenue bridge.

WESTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwards of 148 Raymore Drive lost six grandchildren, their son and daughter-in-law, and their daughter. John Neil, husband of the Edwards' daughter, who lived there as well, arrived home at 1:30 A.M. to find his street washed away, and, thinking that his family had been evacuated, offered what help he could to the others around him.

At 1:09 A.M. on October 16, Deputy Fire Chief Clarence "Tiny" Collins of the volunteer Kingsway-Lambton Fire Department and his team of six firefighters were dispatched to River Road at the Humber, where people were reportedly stranded on a car. Their pumper became stuck in the water and mud, and the firemen decided to wait out the storm in their vehicle.

The firefighters climbed onto the ladder as the water swirled ever higher around them. Police and firefighters from Etobicoke tried to launch a boat to rescue them, but the current wouldn't allow it. The truck began to float downstream. As the truck threatened to capsize, the men shook

hands, said "good luck," and jumped into the wash. Five, including Collins, were lost; two survived. The truck was later found near the parking lot of the Old Mill restaurant, crushed, the ladder ripped away.

Wallace Rombough of the Weston Police Department and Squadron Leader Malcolm Cliff of the RCAF Reserve at Downsview searched the banks of the Humber in a five-metre boat. Under the lights of a CBC television crew, Cliff and Rombough inched upstream, where they found a man and a woman stranded in trees. "As we approached," remembered Rombough, "the woman panicked and jumped into the water just before we reached her. She went under but popped up like a cork and I was able to grab her by the hair and pull her into the boat." The man climbed safely aboard.

Crews of the fledgling CBC television news captured much of the terror of that night as they lit up the river to aid rescuers. Foreboding music dubbed over the footage provides eerie accompaniment to the scenes of devastation. "It was a wind with a woman's name that caused the trouble, " intones the sombre narrator. "Hazel, fickle and frantic, had come to call with all her fury."

Volunteers plied the raging Humber River in small boats to save anyone they could.

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Gerald Elliot was driving across the Old Mill Bridge when it collapsed, sending him into the debris. Firefighters threw him a hose and began to pull him towards shore, but the hose snapped. Elliot became caught in the current, but soon grabbed onto a willow tree, where he was stranded in the current. Max Hurley, of the Harbour Police, commandeered a new black Cadillac, which Jack "Hot-Shot" Russell had parked in the Harbour Police garage for safekeeping. Hurley strapped a dinghy to the roof of the car. When Russell asked what Hurley was doing, he replied, "I've commandeered your Caddy for an adventure. Hop in, Hot-Shot!" After several attempts, and with Elliot's lips blue in the cold, Hurley steered the dinghy close, and Elliott jumped in.

"It was a wind with a woman's name that caused the trouble, ... Hazel, fickle and frantic, had come to call with all her fury."

Alex Nicholson, who lived on Pottery Road near a bridge over the Don River, heard a man yelling for help. "He was clinging to a small clump of trees in the middle of the water, " remembered Nicholson the next day in his hospital bed. "When I tried to help him, the current caught me. I was going downstream when I got on to the man's overturned car. I was on that car in the river for two and a half hours." When the river began to push the car downstream, Nicholson jumped into the water and managed to grab hold of a tree, where he sat for three more hours before rescuers could pull him ashore. Jack Bates, the man Nicholson tried to help, was also in the torrent for three hours until he was rescued. "Several times when I had water in my lungs and the trees were giving way I thought: This is it, I've had it."

The rivers and creeks that thread the city provided the most serious threat to life, but Hazel dumped rain everywhere. Streets all over the city flooded, into yards and through front doors and basement windows. Four-year-old Michael Campbell of Cosburn Avenue in East York nearly found himself listed among the casualties of the great storm after a late night excursion to the bathroom. "Somehow I slipped on the basement stairs and fell into water. I remember trying to touch the bottom with my toes but it was over my head and I became very frightened. No one realized that the basement was flooded to within a

Saved from the wreckage, a clothes hamper proves useful in the wake of the storm.

ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO / S 5-1-1-37-3 / 10004284

few feet of the ceiling. It was very dark and I managed to catch hold of something, probably the stairs, while I cried out to my parents. They heard me and I was soon rescued."

To the north of the city, a CN train en route to Peterborough ploughed into a washout near Markham and derailed. The engineer and fireman leapt to safety just as the train lunged into the water. "We both saw the hole in the tracks ahead of us. We pulled the air brakes and jumped, " recalled engineer Ted Barnett. Another train, on its return to Southampton, near Lake Huron, derailed as it neared the station. "The train toppled over on its side, " said passenger Bertha Whittaker. "The windows smashed. I was sitting there with the water running around me and blood running down my face." The engineer and fireman would later succumb to injuries suffered when the train's boiler burst.

Hazel's fury reached farther north, to fertile Holland Landing, where the de Peuter family survived one of the most bizarre incidents of the night. The de Peuter house was lifted off its foundation poles and set adrift in the floodwaters. For five hours, father, mother, and the twelve de Peuter children scurried back and forth across their floating house to balance it out when it would threaten to tip over. The house eventually landed a kilometre and a half from its original moorings. All around Holland Landing crops were ruined. Families scrambled to recover what little they could.

While the Canadian military helped in the rescue and recovery, the Scouts were posted around evacuated areas to defend against looters and to help search for bodies.

In Woodbridge, to the northwest of Toronto, residents of a trailer park were sleeping through the storm when an earthen dam collapsed, sending millions of tons of water into the park, twirling and crushing the trailers like tin cans, killing ten residents and leaving 250 homeless.

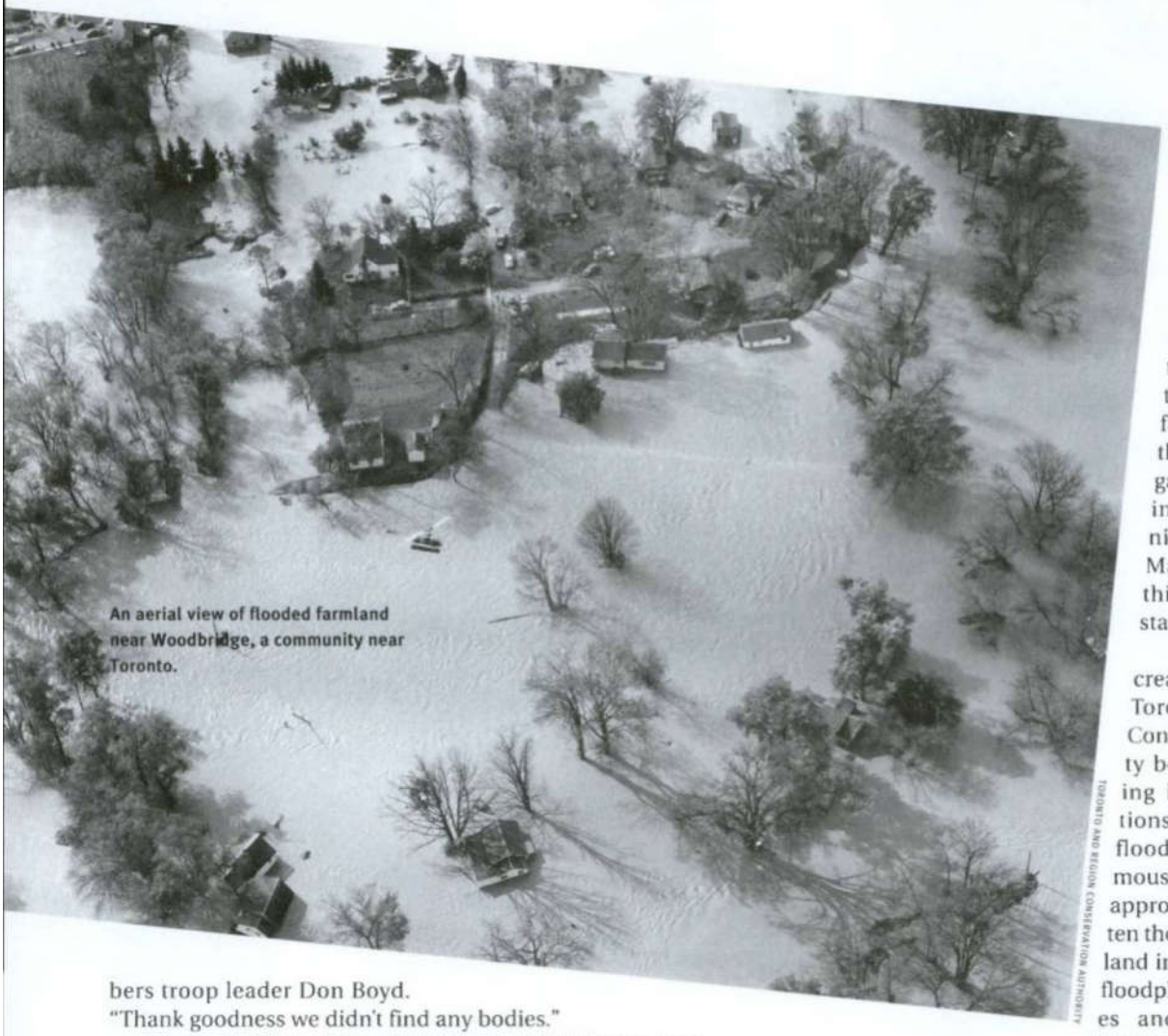
Hazel became a quieter, less destructive storm as it moved north to Timmins and on towards James Bay. The rain no longer fell upon beleaguered Toronto. The rivers, swollen by an estimated 3.71 cubic kilometresof rain that had fallen in less than forty-eight hours, began to recede. But Hazel had taken a staggering toll: 81 dead, more than 1,800 homeless, $25 million in damage.

Toronto woke up a city in utter confusion. Automobiles sat embedded in mud in the Humber River. Nearby, streetcars lay on their sides like toy trains scattered by a giant's hand. Clothes, tires, appliances, dolls, umbrellas, windows, personal papers, records, even dead cows and pigs hung from the trees.

Many had gone to bed the night before unaware of the bizarre and horrific events that would unfold. They found the world upside down.

For seven-year-old Roman Tarnovetsky, whose home was in the Dundas and Ossington area, Hazel had turned Toronto into a new and wonderful place. "Our parents were buzzing when we went to bed, and when we woke up it was like Christmas. We wanted to see if the world was still there."

The experience was not the same for the city's Boy Scout troops and their leaders, who had holed up in churches and assembly halls on Friday night polishing apples for the annual Apple Day. After the hurricane, while the Canadian military helped in the rescue and recovery, the Scouts were posted around evacuated areas to defend against looters and to help search for bodies. "We saw lots of destruction – refrigerators and huge timbers from barns stuck in trees," remem-



An aerial view of flooded farmland near Woodbridge, a community near Toronto.

TORONTO AND REGION CONSERVATION AUTHORITY

bers troop leader Don Boyd.
"Thank goodness we didn't find any bodies."

Wayne Plunkett, then a thirteen-year-old living in Weston, clearly remembers October 16. "I walked down to the Humber River at about eight in the morning to see what was going on. A man grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and not so politely told me what I was going to be doing for the rest of the day – sandbagging the Weston Arena. The man said that if we didn't get the arena sandbagged, it was going to go down the river." All over the city, residents pitched in to help their neighbours.

Firemen Don "Red" Leslie and Byard Donnelly of No. 2 Fire Hall in North York gave their days off to help search for victims of the storm. "There was debris in the trees," recalls Leslie. "The trees near Bolton were full of prophylactics, fifteen feet up, hanging from the branches like balloons."

"Furniture, buildings, stoves – there was stuff all over the place," recalls Donnelly. "We worked out of the Humber Summit volunteer hall looking for bodies. We found a small child, a boy of eight or nine, in Woodbridge. It was the only body we ever found. Bodies went right down the river into the lake."

To many the big storm was nothing more than a big nuisance. The storm knocked out nearly two dozen bridges, creating widespread traffic chaos. Businesses shut down for a few days, waiting out efforts to reopen the arteries to other parts of the city.

As with any disaster, within a few days life began returning to normal, except for those who lost their homes or family as a result of the storm. Now began the battles with insurance companies and banks. Many lost everything, and had to start all over again.

In 1959, the newly created Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority began implementing its recommendations to turn Toronto's floodplains into enormous parks. The MTRCA appropriated more than ten thousand hectares of land in the city's various floodplains. Where houses and cottages once lined a dormant danger, now only grass and pathways lie.

"The city has a unique fabric, with green fingers going throughout the city, because of Hurricane Hazel, " explains Don Haley, a water resources engineer with the Toronto Regional Conservation Authority (formerly the MTRCA). "We couldn't buy the world, but we needed to keep people safe."

Toronto has prepared itself for a similar storm, and the media pounces upon even the most benign of weather phenomena. But every time the swirling, misty form of a hurricane's eye shows up on a satellite weather map on the evening news, those who remember the night of October 15, 1954, watch ever fearful that another Hazel will come calling.

Jim Gifford is an editor and writer living in Toronto. His book *Hurricane Hazel: Canada's Storm of the Century* is published by Dundurn Press.

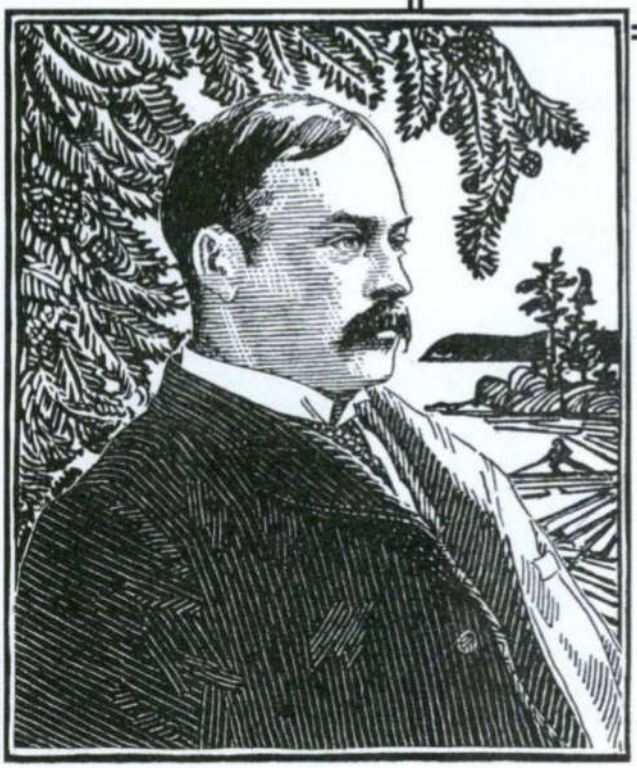
ET CETERA

***Hurricane Hazel* by Betty Kennedy. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1979.**

Video clips of Hurricane Hazel are available on the CBC Archives website at <http://archives.cbc.ca/IDD-1-70-77/disasters_tragedies/hurricane_hazel/>.

A century ago, Canadians loved William Henry Drummond's verse. Today, moderns cringe at his sugary stereotyping of rural French Canadians; still, his way of thinking remains part of the truth of Canada's past. by Mark Reynolds

The Habitant Verses



In the late nineteenth century, North American writers, usually English in background, began to explore the use of dialect in literature, a notable example being Mark Twain and his imitation of period African-American speech in his novel *Huck Finn*. Falling into this trend was William Henry Drummond, a Montreal physician of Anglo-Irish background whose experiences and work put him in frequent contact with rural French Canadians, unlettered farmers and loggers who he depicted with unabashed sentimentality, using a uniquely Canadian patois of French-fractured English. Today, suspicion falls on privileged writers using ethnic vernaculars not their own, but in Drummond's period, the use of dialect in literature was considered liberating and innovative. While Drummond himself, a man of his times, viewed Anglo-Saxon culture as naturally superior, his poems about French Canada were written without malice or satire. Critics of the period's literature view them as sincere attempts to articulate a way of life.

The sky was darkening rapidly with the clouds of an approaching storm, on a sultry July 1877 afternoon in Bord-à-Plouffe, across the Rivière des Prairies from the north shore of the island of Montreal. On the water of the Lake of Two Mountains a young Irish immigrant was contentedly casting for fish, but his elderly French-Canadian guide was becoming more and more concerned about the weather.

Seeking to impress his charge with the danger of their situation, Gédéon Plouffe recounted the story of an old wood scow that had foundered in weather just like this – "the wind, she blow like hurricane," he told the young man. They made for shore.

That night, William Drummond couldn't sleep. The story the old man told him wouldn't leave his head. Jumping out of bed he grabbed his school notebook and began to write.

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an' run below –
For de win' she blow lak hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

A poet was born.

William Drummond was an unlikely candidate to become one of Canada's most popular poets. His chosen métier – English as he heard it spoken by the French Canadians of his adopted home – was even more unlikely. And although his poetry today is at best seen as Eng-

lish chauvinism, at the time he was hailed as a sympathetic chronicler of the French-Canadian people.

Born in County Leitrim, Ireland, in 1854, Drummond was the eldest son of a Royal Irish Constabulary officer. When the boy was ten years old, his father lost his job after losing his temper at the Earl of Leitrim, who had foreclosed a poor peasant's land. The family moved to Montreal, where the father died in 1866.

When William turned fifteen he dropped out of Montreal High School and took a job as a telegraph operator's assistant in Bord-à-Plouffe.

It was here, living with a French-Canadian family (the Le Mays) and watching the rough-and-tumble couriers de bois ride the logs to the St. Lawrence River, that William developed his abiding love for the French-Canadian mode of speaking English that was to inform his poetry.

After six years, when his brothers were old enough to work, Drummond returned to school, though he visited the Le May family on the lake frequently. He failed McGill's medical school, but graduated valedictorian of his class at Bishop's College. He practised as a general physician in a number of small towns in Quebec before settling in Montreal in 1888. He married May Isobel Harvey, from Savannah la Mar, Jamaica, in 1894.

It was Isobel who pushed the doctor to try to publish his poems, which Drummond had been writing on and off for years. He had a habit of giving them to friends without making copies (although these occasionally found their way into the pages of the local newspapers). Isobel undertook the task of retrieving his work and collecting a proper volume of verse. His first book, *The Habitant*, was published in 1897.

It was an instant success. His New York publisher, G.P. Putnam's Sons, had been leery of the limited market for poetry and agreed only to a run of 5,000 copies, for which Drummond would pay the cost. The 5,000 sold out in months, as did a second printing. He followed this success with *Phil-O-Rum's Canoe and Madeleine Verchères* in 1898, *Johnnie Courteau* in 1901, and *The Voyageur* in 1905.

Critical and popular acclaim greeted all of these works. Drummond toured constantly throughout Canada and the U.S. reciting his poems, was elected a fellow of both the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom and the Royal Society of Canada, and granted honorary degrees from Bishop's and the University of Toronto. His greatest pleasure – and a measure of his popularity – was a letter he received in 1905 from a twelve-year-old boy from British Columbia, who begged the poet to "please kindly print some cheaper books," as he could not afford one for his mother's birthday. Drummond mailed an autographed copy to the mother, who had no idea her son had been so presumptuous.

To the modern ear, the habitants, hunters, voyageurs, and villagers that populate Drummond's poetry speak like the worst sorts of caricatures – idealized simpletons, content with their place in the British Empire.

Today this acclaim is almost incomprehensible. To the modern ear, the habitants, hunters, voyageurs, and villagers that populate Drummond's poetry speak like the worst sorts of caricatures – idealized simpletons, content with their place in the British Empire. The theme of the closing stanzas of *The Habitant* recurs throughout his works:

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree
Don't put on sam style lak de big village,
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.
But I tole – you – dat's true – I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent –
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

Drummond primarily saw French Canadians in the circumstances that he met them – as patients, as guides on his frequent fishing expeditions, and later as employees in his mine in Cobalt, Ontario. It is not clear that he ever learned to speak French: the unpublished biography written by Isobel does not list bilingualism among his many accomplishments.

Though it is tempting to see Drummond's poetry as a condescending attempt to cast French Canadians as simple peasants, living in a state of ignorant bliss, this would be unfair. As a doctor he would have been well aware of the disease and poverty many of his subjects lived with every day. However, these darker aspects of French-Canadian life did not cast a shadow on his verse.

The reasons for this were twofold. Unable to speak with the "Canayen" in their own language, he only saw the face they showed him, as a well-to-do English physician who wore his fidelity to the Crown on his sleeve. With the exception of the Le May family and the poet Louis Frechette, his social circle was more or less bereft of French Canadians.

The other reason was his temperament. Drummond's poems did not reflect reality, as the doctor himself preferred to avoid it. His personal life was not easy – in addition to losing his father during a time of familial upheaval, Drummond lost his three-year-old, second-born son in 1904, and a stillborn son before that. When he returned to his beloved Ireland for the first and only time since emigrating, he refused to visit his boyhood home – the purpose of

continued on p. 41

Illustration from the frontispiece of *The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems*.

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October | November Highlights

Tactical to Practical | Mondays at 8pm ET

Setting the stage for high-action, high-tech and high-adventure with a unique, fast-paced approach to military and historical storytelling, Tactical to Practical explores the innovations developed for combat that have evolved into useful tools for civilian life. Hunter Ellis, a former Navy Fighter Pilot and tribe member in Survivor: Marquesas hosts this series.

Antiques Roadshow | Wednesdays at 8pm ET

(Network Premiere) Laura Spencer hosts a new season of the hit appraisal series where traveling antique experts unlock the mysteries surrounding family heirlooms, yard sale bargains and trash pile plunder.

SAS: Are You Tough Enough? | Thursdays at 8pm ET

(Canadian Premiere) In this hard-hitting BBC reality series, 29 civilian volunteers are challenged to prove that they are tough enough to survive the gruelling initiation to the British Army's legendary SAS (Special Air Services) division. Known for its relentless rigour, the SAS training regime is the ultimate physical and mental challenge designed specifically to break people down. After each challenge, contestants are eliminated until only the toughest are left. Which volunteer will crack first?

For King and Country | Nov. 8 at 9pm ET

Join military historian Norm Christie in this original documentary series, as he travels to Canadian battlefields, monuments and cemeteries throughout the world. Christie will guide viewers through the Second World War from the point of view of ordinary soldiers, who tell their stories in their own words. For King and Country will premiere as part of History Television's annual Week of Remembrance.

AN ALLIANCE ATLANTIS NETWORK

continued from p. 36

his trip. As Isobel recalled, he realized that the reality might not measure up to the "first, fine careless rapture," of his childhood in Leitrim. In life, as in his poetry, he preferred the warmth of nostalgia.

It would be kinder to believe that Drummond's oeuvre was defined most of all by generosity. The humour and frankness of the French Canadians are well represented, and he wrote in his introduction to *The Habitant*, "I have not written these verses as examples of dialect, or with any thought of ridicule." Indeed, his good intentions seem largely to have been understood by his contemporaries: Louis Frechette wrote a glowing introduction to his first work, calling him, as Frechette himself had been praised, "a pathfinder in a new land of song."

Called to the silver mine in Cobalt that he owned with his brothers to assist in a smallpox outbreak, Drummond succumbed to a stroke. He died April 6, 1907. *The Great Fight*, a posthumous collection, was published in 1908.

Upon his death, *La Presse*, while protesting "we don't really speak like that," had nothing but kind words for Drummond.

"Instinctive respect for our beautiful language makes us feel an involuntary revolt at seeing it travestied. Who knows, however, but that William Drummond's recitations ... illustrate the rivalry of two ethnological forces. Under his conciliatory pen, the rivals are not enemies." 🍁

Mark Reynolds is a Montreal writer and editor.

ET CETERA

William Henry Drummond: Poet in Patois **by J.B. Lyons. Fitzhenry & Whiteside, Toronto, 2004.**

Habitant poems **by William Henry Drummond. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1959.**

Selections of William Henry Drummond's poetry can be found online at such sites as <www.poemhunter.com> and <www.oldpoetry.com>.

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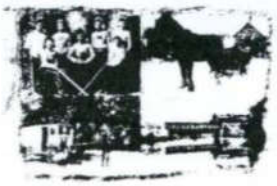

Many Ontario towns are losing their character and charm in the name of progress

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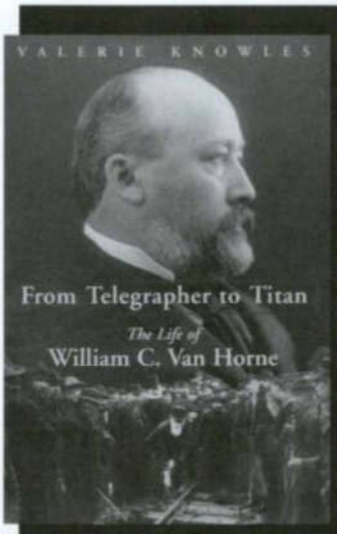
COME BLOW YOUR HORNE

The art of biography would be enhanced if biographers did not feel obliged to recreate the youth of a person who performed great feats only in adulthood. Who can predict greatness in a six-year-old, unless the name is Mozart or Prince William, and thus which great person has saved the few documents that childhood produces, especially a life that began in 1843 in rural Illinois?

Without documents for the early years, the most recent biographer of Sir William Cornelius Van Horne must resort to speculation. Even though Valerie Knowles admits that Van Horne was prone to hyperbole, she bases much of his early life on the man's own stories recounted to doting grandchildren, to admiring journalist Sarah Macnaughtan, and to his first biographer, his friend Walter Vaughan. Van Horne's tall tales about his childhood and early career, especially that tale about facing down Jesse James, should be treated as myths that help to explain personality.

Biographers should also avoid the temptation of inserting learned but unnecessary details. In the late 1870s, Van Horne frequently lobbied legislators in St. Paul, Minnesota, which allows Knowles to inform us that the legislative building of that period was later replaced by the present domed building, designed by "Gilbert Cass." Since Van Horne could not have seen the nonexistent building in the 1870s, there is no need to mention it, especially since Knowles reverses the architect's name. Happily, some 350 pages later, Cass Gilbert is named correctly when Van Horne visited his Woolworth Building in New York in May 1915.

There is no denying, however, that Van Horne's life, including the early years, was full of drama. In the 1850s, '60s and '70s, he rose from telegrapher to manager to president of several American railroads, mainly in American mid-Western states bordering the Great Lakes. His courage during the Chicago Fire in 1871 was admirable, even if he might be suspected of exaggerating his role in saving so much railway equipment. He married well, had several children, and suffered from mental depression and diabetes, which Knowles mentions about three times without elaboration. Since the disease affects mood, one wonders if this man's personality swings, from charm to bombast, might have been partly attributable to diabetes, especially in light of all those gargantuan meals consumed years before the discovery of insulin.



From Telegrapher to Titan: The Life of William C. Van Horne
by Valerie Knowles
The Dundurn Group, Toronto, 2004
501 pp., illus., $55.00 hardcover

Once Van Horne becomes more prominent, after 1880, more reliable citations appear in the endnotes (whose reader-friendly format, from 1 to 1138, without reference to chapters, should become a model). These sources include a wide variety of archival documents as well as good secondary sources by Canadianists such as Pierre Berton, H.V. Nelles, Chris Armstrong, Michael Bliss, Duncan McDowall, T.D. Regehr and other recognized historians of railways, streetcars, and hydro generation. On freight rates, Knowles might have consulted Ken Cruikshank's definitive *Close Ties*.

For Canadians, Van Horne is remembered as one of the titans behind the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose last spike he watched being driven by Donald A. Smith at Craigellachie on November 7, 1885, a moment captured in one of our most famous photographs, featured on the dust jacket of this biography. He was also a major force in the development of Cuba at the turn of the twentieth century, and with fellow capitalists, most of them Canadian, he helped to electrify cities in North, Central, and South America. He had connections everywhere, from prime ministers to presidents, from John A. Macdonald to Teddy Roosevelt.

When he died in 1915, he left behind architectural treasures. His Sherbrooke Street mansion in Montreal, badly taken care of, was destroyed in 1973, some of the world's best art in its large rooms dispersed. Fortunately Covenhoven, his summer farm at St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, was rescued.

Even though Knowles only partially reaches this man's essence, her biography will remain a good reference book for all aspects of Van Horne's life and career for a long time to come.

Reviewed by **R.B. Fleming**, biographer, historian, editor of *Ontario History*, and Research Associate at the Frost Centre, Trent University, Peterborough. He is the author of *General Stores of Canada*.

TRIAL AND TRIBULATION

On May 1, 1930, in London, England, Canadian Elizabeth Campbell became the first woman to ever argue a case before the judicial committee of the Privy Council, then the final appeal court open to a citizen of the British Empire.

Notable in and of itself.

But what's astonishing is that the plucky lady was a nonlawyer, representing herself. And even more astonishing – she won.

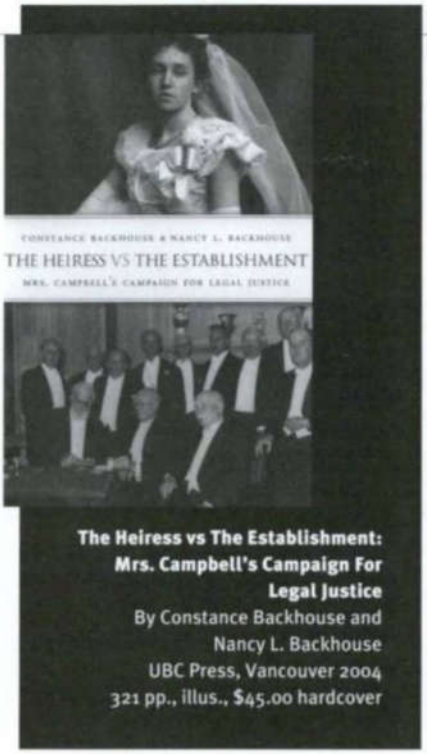
The Heiress vs The Establishment is the story of a fourteen-year courtroom

odyssey that saw her take on her uncle, a prominent member of the Ontario bar, and thereby both the legal fraternity and judiciary, who pretty much closed ranks when confronted with the brute truth of her allegations.

The Heiress vs The Establishment is a book within a book.

Following her Privy Council win, Campbell wrote and self-published *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, a memoir of her battle to obtain legal redress for her uncle's theft from her late mother's estate. Her 130-page-plus account is republished here and bookended by a contemporary introduction and epilogue, by University of Ottawa law professor Constance Backhouse and her sister, Ontario Supreme Court of Justice judge Nancy Backhouse.

Toronto-born Campbell's complaints about the handling of her mother's estate started in 1922, when, living in Boston, she unearthed an unsigned carbon copy of her by-then mentally incompetent mother's will – a will that made her sole beneficiary. But following her mother's death, the original will somehow disappeared from her mother's solicitors' office. Absent the will, her two older Toronto-resident sisters and the Toronto General Trust Company obtained what are known as letters of administration from the court.



The Heiress vs The Establishment: Mrs. Campbell's Campaign For Legal Justice
By Constance Backhouse and Nancy L. Backhouse
UBC Press, Vancouver 2004
321 pp., illus., $45.00 hardcover

The letters of administration, granted only on an intestacy (when a person dies without a will), not only made the sisters and trust company trustees of the estate, but resulted in the estate being divided in accordance with intestate-succession laws. As Mrs. Campbell neatly summarized it, "the estate would be equally distributed between my sisters and myself, a substantial loss for me."

So she sued to have the administration cancelled and surviving carbon copy admitted to probate as a valid will. Ultimately the case was settled midtrial, when Mrs. Campbell agreed to take half the estate, and see each of her sisters get a quarter.

But that was just the warm-up bout.

Once the trust company assumed administration of the estate, Campbell

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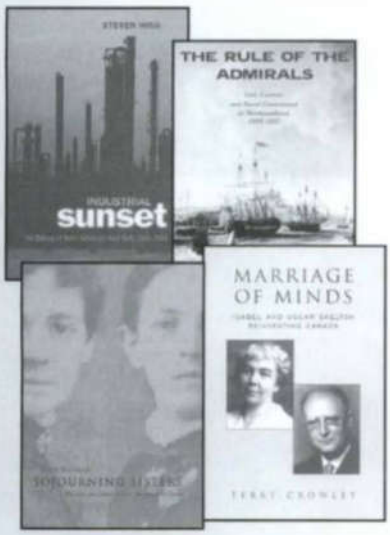

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was shocked to discover its value was only $8,200. For thirty-five years, until two years prior to her death, her late mother's affairs had been managed, investments included, by Campbell's uncle, William Drummond Hogg, lawyer, bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada, and chairman of the same trust company that now administered the estate.

There was abundant evidence Hogg appropriated his sister-in-law's money for his own profit. What Mrs. Campbell, properly, wanted him to do was account for his administration of the estate and return to it the money he'd plundered, with interest. But no Ontario court would give her justice, despite the fact her case was, in legal terms, a no-brainer. Time and again trial and appellate courts, often presided over by judges who knew her uncle or had practised law with him, decided against her. She finally twigged to the truth that, if she wanted justice, she'd have to cross an ocean and put her case before a panel of British judges. Unable to afford counsel, she pleaded her case herself.

The Backhouses' introduction and epilogue lucidly explain the niceties of the litigation. They do an even better job of providing a historical backdrop, invoking "the ghosts of the fabled Family Compact, described in Lord Durham's report of 1839 on the British North American colonies as an entrenched, propertied, familial clique that despised 'republicanism and mob rule' and governed politics, the bench, and a great part of the legal profession of Upper Canada."

But it's Mrs. Campbell who was a gifted writer. She describes the long arc of her trial tribulations wittily and with a keen eye for details of dress, habit, physiognomy, and even architecture.

And while her narrative portrays an exterior, largely factual expedition – chronicling procedural and substantive-law obstacles – it also often maps an interior, psychological voyage.

Both journeys are equally compelling.

Reviewed by **Douglas J. Johnston**, a Winnipeg lawyer and writer.

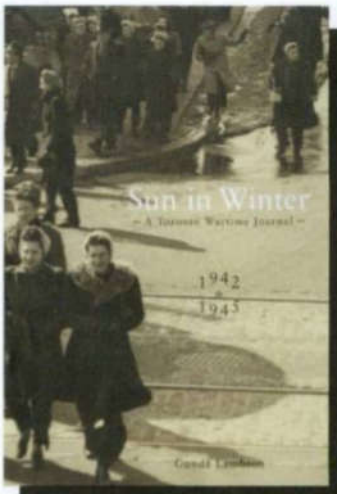
Diaries and personal letters are generally passionate and moving, and they usually reveal genuine emotions and honest opinions. For these reasons, *Sun in Winter* and *The Book of War Letters* are important contributions to the appreciation of Canada's war efforts.

Sun in Winter is the diary of Gunda Lambton, an artist and writer with an Anglo-German background. A single mother of two young girls, Lambton and her children were evacuated from Britain to Canada during the Second World War. She kept a personal journal of her life, which was largely concerned with the challenges of finding a job and suitable accommodations in wartime Toronto. The journal's constant themes are the lack of money and decent housing as she bounces from boarding house to boarding house and job to job. Despite the frustrations and complications of these practical matters, the simple realization that life in war-torn Europe is even worse enables her to remain positive and focused.

Lambton's journal provides a contemporary view of the daily struggles of ordinary Canadians in coping with shortages, high prices, and the general economic hardships of wartime conditions. The journal's pages also show how optimism, ingenuity, and personal resilience were welcome companions and reliable guides, at least for some through this dark period. Lambton is sociable and cultured, and she meets many people who offer her friendship and generosity.

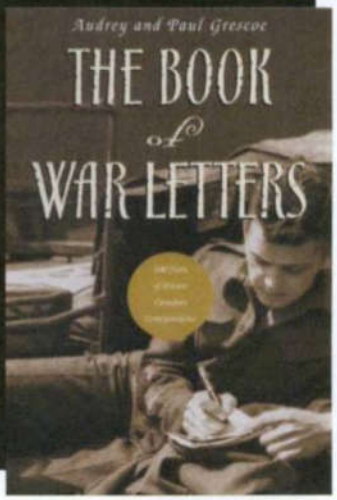
The entries naturally cover a defined period of time, but presented here in book-form long after the fact, they are left to stand on their own. As a result, *Sun in Winter* lacks an overall structure and is often hard to follow. With no introduction to help set the stage, *Sun in Winter* has an unusually abrupt beginning and offers readers no assistance in understanding background details and other relevant information. The book concludes just as jarringly. Further, the work would have benefited from some judicious editing of the marginal and extraneous material that is often found in personal diaries.

Sun in Winter contains a good selection of vintage photographs of



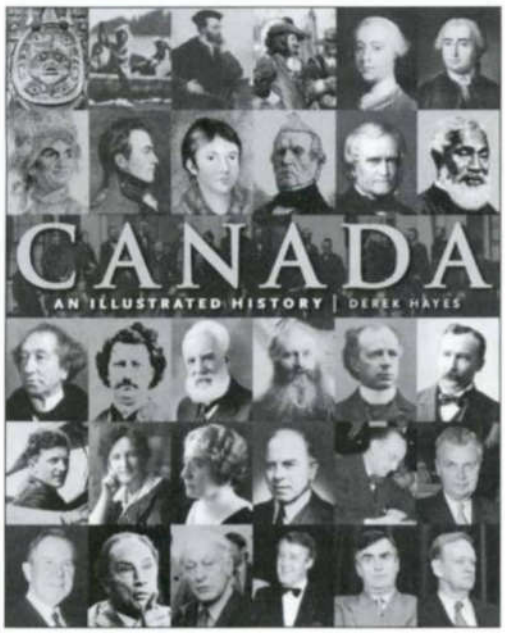
Sun in Winter
A Toronto Wartime Journal, 1942 to 1945
By Gunda Lambton
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal and Kingston, 2003
286 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

The Book of War Letters
100 Years of Private Canadian Correspondence
Compiled and edited by Audrey and Paul Grescoe
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 2003
455 pp., illus., $34.99 hardcover



CANADA

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY | DEREK HAYES



A visually spectacular history book from award-winning author and book designer Derek Hayes.

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DID YOU KNOW?

- Germans landed in Canada during the Second World War.
- In 1872, Canada was valued at a billion dollars.
- Canada was the first Commonwealth country to create its own class of citizenship separate from that of Britain.
- Part of Canada is named after a brand of gin and another after beer.
- Canada once issued a 25-cent bill—and a $50,000 bill.
- Canada's first newspaper was the *Halifax Gazette*.
- The first automobile crossed the Canadian Rockies in 1904—by driving on the rails of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

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some of the characters mentioned in its pages, and many of these images are no doubt published here for the first time. Unfortunately, they are essentially too small to be fully appreciated. This is also the case with Lambton's artwork. It is a shame that these paintings are not reproduced in full colour and in a size that would better show their detail, especially since it is clear from the author's entries that her art is vibrant and much admired.

The Book of War Letters is a collection of personal wartime correspondence written by Canadians over a period of 100 years. Starting with the South African War and ending with Canada's 2002 mission to Afghanistan, these letters provide a fascinating insight into the thoughts and feelings of those in battle. Canadians' perception of war dramatically changed during this period, and the patriotic duty to defend the British Empire came to be replaced by a measured response to help eliminate the threat of international terrorism.

The entries are arranged chronologically, and the editors, who are British Columbia writers, include a brief introduction to each conflict. These letters include the full range of military personnel from all services, including women. As would be expected, the bulk of correspondence concerns the two world wars.

The basis for the selection of material is somewhat questionable. Several letters were written years after the war. There are also multiple examples from a single individual while other writers, who should be in the book, are not represented at all. Surely Talbot Papineau, the prolific letter writer, lawyer, Rhodes scholar, and First World War hero, deserves an entry.

The Book of War Letters reproduces the letters as they were originally written, apart from occasional grammatical corrections made by the editors. On the whole, the editorial work appears arbitrary and sometimes unnecessary. Obvious errors are often corrected while numerous other mistakes go unchecked. The book also suffers from a dearth of photographs and only includes a handful of images. Even a few more additional pictures of individual letter writers mentioned in the book would have greatly enhanced the presentation. Nevertheless, the Grescoes have clearly put an enormous amount of effort into *The Book of War Letters*. They should be commended for unearthing this wealth of private correspondence and making many of these letters publicly available for the first time.

Sun in Winter and *The Book of War Letters* are impressive in their originality, and seldom have two books been so touching and disturbing at the same time. The intimate observations recorded in their pages poignantly show how war can affect those caught up in its ugly grip, at home as well as on the front. Both books present unique glimpses into war and provide readers with remarkable opportunities to understand its impact at an extraordinary personal level.

Reviewed by Ottawa lawyer **Gavin Murphy**, who has a keen interest in Canadian wartime history.

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More Books

Bannock, Beans and Black Tea. By John Gallant and Seth

Life was hard in the olden days – almost unbearably hard, as in these memoirs by Prince Edward Islander John Gallant, who passed the Depression as a child in a kind of grinding poverty that defies current notions of what it means to be poor. Years later, living in Ontario, he recast his tales of deprivation to amuse his young son (We were so poor that ...). Even more years later, his son, Gregory, a.k.a. Seth, cartoonist and illustrator for such publications as the *New Yorker*, encouraged his father to write his stories down. He did, but as you read this compelling and unusual social history, you'll find little that amuses. The poverty is shocking, but so too is the indifference of such supposedly charitable institutions as the Church. The tales are bitter but honest – almost shaming. What leavens the text are the art and design by John's talented son, which echo 1930s illustration and yet somehow seem fresher than much on today's shelves. Clearly a labour of love from a son to a father – and a cautionary reminder of one of the darker periods in Canadian history.

Raincoast Books, Vancouver, 2004. 120 pp., $24.95 hardcover

It Happened in Manitoba: Stories of the Red River Province. By Don Aiken

Veteran Manitoba journalist Aiken combines his knowledge of history with the easy style of a natural storyteller. His forty-four vignettes of Manitoba's past – a collection of past columns – present not only some of the province's better-known events and characters, but also some more obscure stories; Pierre Radisson, Chief Peguis, Cuthbert Grant, and George Simpson share pages with Métis songwriter Pierre Falcon, nurse Phyllis Martin, and pilot Fred Stevenson. And who knew that the province's Defamation Act, introduced by MLA Marcus Hyman, was, ostensibly, Canada's first human rights bill? Aiken also recounts events and local colour that, collectively, reflect the unique identity of the gateway to the West.

Fifth House, Calgary, 2004. 216 pp. illus., $16.95

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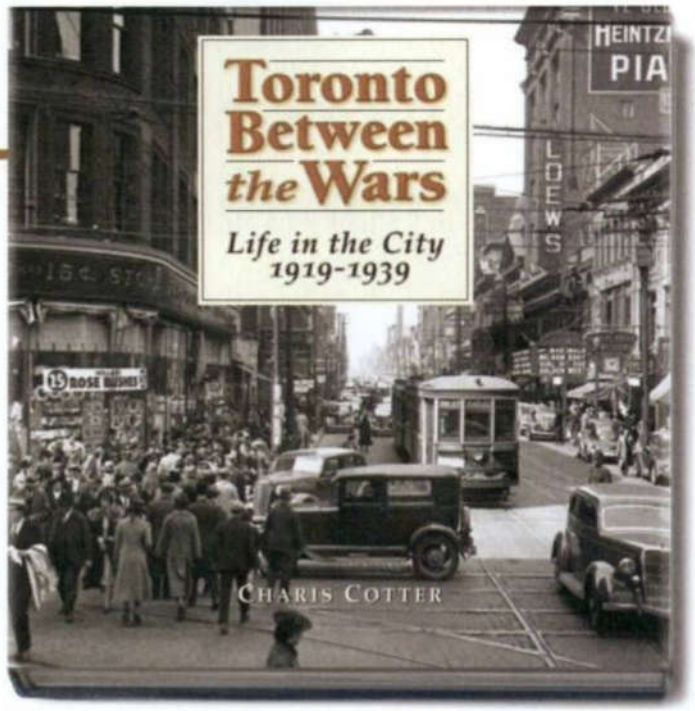

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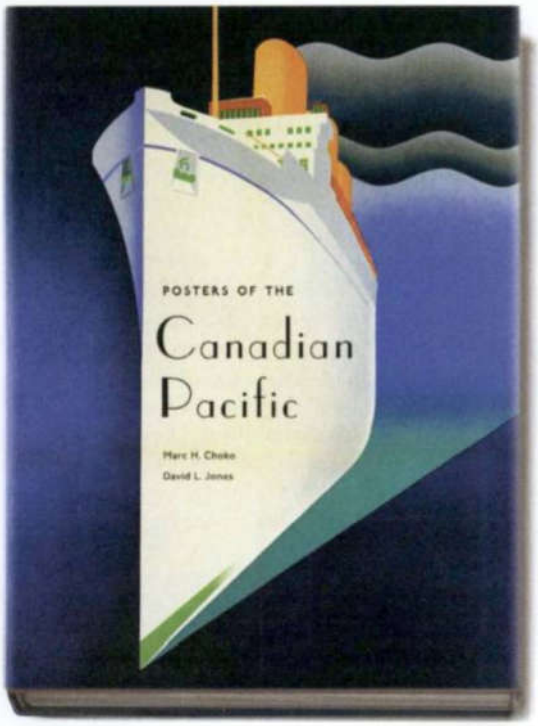

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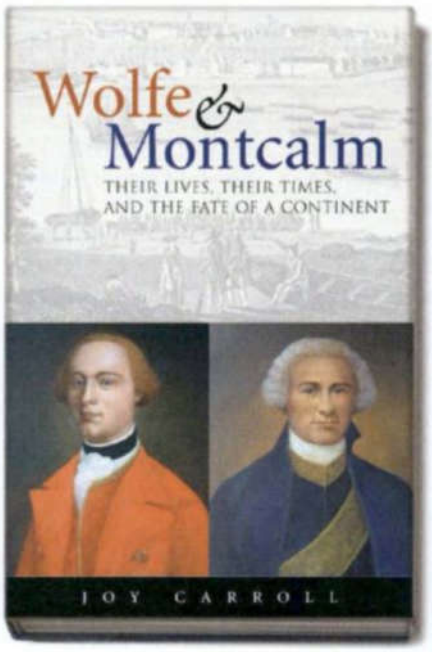

Wolfe & Montcalm

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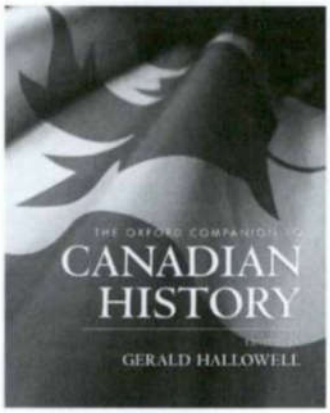
Christopher Moore

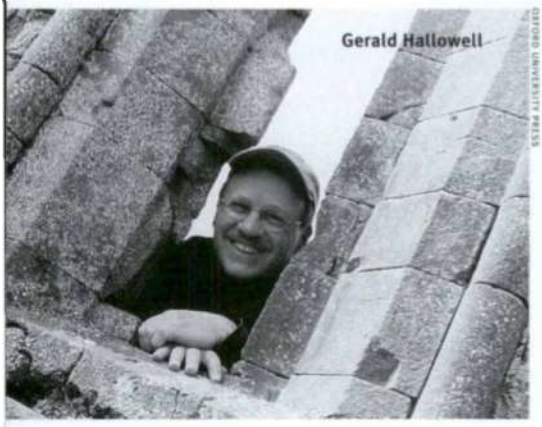
Companions and Companionability

Oxford University Press, the worldwide publishing empire, is famous for its companions: handy, user-friendly, one-volume references to literature, music, science, and many other fields. This summer, it published the first *Oxford Companion to Canadian History*, and this handsome 750-page, 1,654-entry volume has immediately become the first place to go for that fact you need to check, that name or event that is eluding you, that historical issue you never quite grasped. If you engage with Canadian history, this book has become instantly indispensable.

It also presents a unique opportunity to assess, through its pages, the strengths and weaknesses of the collective enterprise of knowing and sharing the history of the northern half of North America.

The Oxford Companion to Canadian History is the work of Gerald Hallowell. For about thirty years, Hallowell was a history editor at University of Toronto Press, and in those years he helped bring to print hundreds of books about Canadian history. He attended the historians' conferences, kept in touch, and knew the scholars and the work going on. He was attuned, in a way no one else needed to be, to who was doing interesting research and might be germinating a publishable book. In recent years, this self-described "Ontario farm boy" did this from his new home at Blue Rocks, Nova Scotia, a cluster of houses clinging to the rocky shore near Lunenburg. ("When I moved here, only people from Toronto thought it was odd," he says. "But I was immediately more productive. There are fewer distractions.")





Gerry Hallowell knew, you might say, what the historical community knew, and Oxford saw in him the perfect person to compile the new Canadian history *Companion* it had in mind. Hallowell signed on just as he retired from the University of Toronto Press in 2000. "I insisted on having the summer off first," he says, but with his network of sources and his formidable organizing skills, the book was done in just three and a half years.

In the past, Oxford companions often had a single compiler. In 1967, retired Ottawa archivist Norah Story wrote every word of the first *Oxford Companion to Canadian History and Literature*. But even with Canadian literature hived off to its own *Companion*, Hallowell never considered following Story's example. "I couldn't have!" he said immediately when I asked him. "I just don't know enough."

Instead, Hallowell turned to his networks of scholars and professors. In the end no fewer than 527 of them contributed to Hallowell's *Companion*. "I haven't checked," he says, "but there must be someone from every university in the country."

Here arose my first tinge of disappointment with the *Companion*. "A companion should be ... companionable," says Hallowell, trying to distinguish it from an encyclopedia or a textbook. And so it should, but it is hard to find companionship with 500 people at once. Since no reference work can be without its biases and preferences, the best companions reflect a strong authorial personality that a reader can come to know and to assess.

Since few of Hallowell's contributors did more than two or three entries, most stuck with the dispassionate style that defines Academic Standard. That leaves the *Companion* with a slightly disengaged, impersonal voice, as if no one really had a passion for this stuff. (It's almost a relief to come across, say, Mel Watkins's piece on free trade, a full-throated tirade against globalization in the 1980s and 1990s – even though it skips all the other free-trade debates Canada has known since the 1840s.) What I missed first in Hallowell's *Companion* was Hallowell's voice.

At times, the *Companion* offers less of what a reader might need to know, and more of what the contributors need to talk about: mainly, their own research. British novelist Margaret Drabble, whose *Oxford Companion to English Literature* (150 contributors) sets a standard for what a modern

companion should be, has steadily reduced the number of "general knowledge" articles in her successive editions, making room for more specific references. And Norah Story promised "a single source in which anyone reading a Canadian book ... can find an explanation of references that would otherwise be obscure."

But Hallowell's *Companion* is heavy on wide-ranging thematic essays. Are broad interpretive categories like "labour law" or "manufacturing" or "urbanization" the kind of references apt to send us from our casual reading to the *Companion*? Not likely, but they are what our historians do best, and this *Companion* abounds in them. Even the best are too long, and they leave no room for more likely entries like "Wolfe" or "Montcalm" (though there is a haphazard selection of their junior officers) or short-term prime ministers Kim Campbell and Joe Clark (though there is one for their nineteenth-century equivalent John Thompson).

It's striking, in fact, how much the *Companion* defines Canadian history as what university historians agree about Canadian history. The article "universities" is longer than "Alberta" or "New France" or "Confederation," and the article "history and historians" is exclusively and rather proudly about the trends and habits of a century of academic history. There's no Pierre Berton (his mother gets an entry) and no *Beaver*, and the *Companion* is pretty thin on most of the ways most of us actually engage with our past.

Broad interpretive categories like "labour law" or "manufacturing" or "urbanization" ... are what our historians do best, and this *Companion* abounds in them.

But there is an entry on "mythistory"–not a reference many will find in their casual reading, but an opportunity to emphasize the distance between "the informed representations" of real historians and the confused historical notions ordinary people apparently cling to. I'm full of grateful amazement at all that Gerry Hallowell has given us in this *Companion*. But in drawing attention to the walls between scholars and readers, the *Oxford Companion to Canadian History* is sometimes too eloquent about the state of Canadian history in 2004. It's full of careful scholarship, but not as companionable as it might be.

The Oxford Companion to Canadian History **edited by Gerald Hallowell was published by Oxford University Press in July 2004.**

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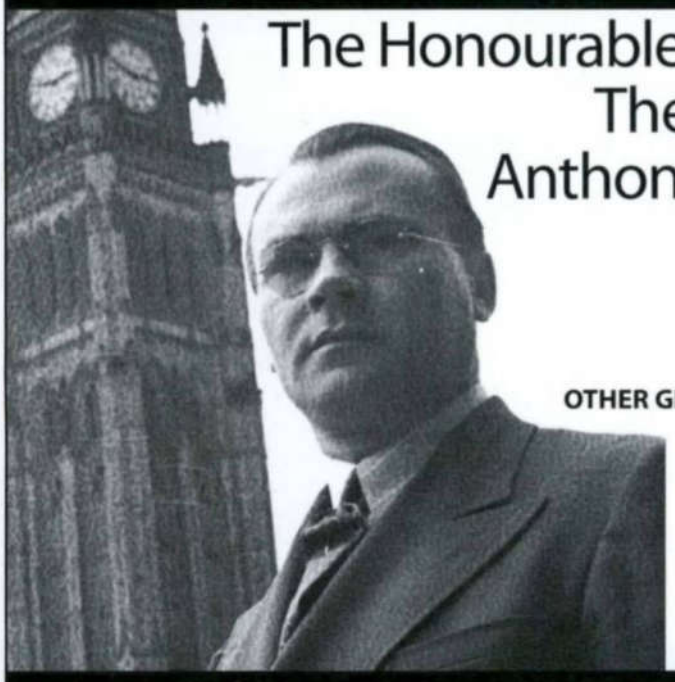

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A SOLDIER IN NEWFOUNDLAND, 1942.

My late father, Lovatt Baker, served in the Canadian artillery in World War II. Stationed in 1942 at Cape Spear, Newfoundland, he was part of the joint Canadian, American, and Newfoundland forces united in an effort to guard the East Coast from German U-boat attacks. Dad was a typical Canadian soldier; a fun-loving, wisecracking city boy from the east end of Toronto, and like the other young men and women of his generation, he was swept up in the events, both big and small, of those wartime years. Though he was an uneducated man and an ordinary Canadian soldier, he had the instincts of an anthropologist, possessing a natural fascination with material culture and the setting in which he was immersed. He saved all sorts of things from his days in the service: cigarette packages, cigar bands, liquor permits, duty rosters, newspaper clippings, and letters, which he kept tucked away in a bag labelled "British Brand Apples." Dad was a pack rat by nature, but the things he collected always seemed to have symbolic significance, however small, of the historic and social events of the time. He would use these items to teach us about the Depression, the war, Canadian history, hockey, and the Toronto of generations past – all from the perspective of the ordinary person. I guess you might say that he was sentimental about all these things; he cared very deeply about his country, its traditions, and its people.

After the war my dad returned to Toronto and apprenticed as a book-

(R.O. 1666,d/15-2-42) ... ST.J. Defence Order #116-d/1-3-42

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The undermentioned places are out of bounds:-

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Columbia Cafe	Water Street	Queen Tavern	Queen St.
Kearseys Cafe	" " "	Green Lantern	Water St.
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People's Cafe	" " "	Wm. Mahar's Beer Shop	100 " " "
Western Cafe	" " "	Jacob Sowerton's Beer Shop	32 Pleasant St.
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American Cafe	" " "	Stan. Breese	12 Stevens St.
London Cafe	" " "	Mike Kerrigan's	7 Prince's St.
Purity Cafe	" " "	Ahey's	63 New Gower St
Cosmopolitan Cafe	197 Pleasant	St. Gladys Libby	15 Pleasant St.
Bert Confectionery	183 Pleasant	Florence Rose	19 Fleming St.
Conways Beer Shop	Cochrane St.	St. Margaret Chaffe	3Buchanan St.
Stamp's Beer Shop	Codner's Lane	Elsie Andrews	19 Adelaide ST.
Power's Beer Shop	New Gower St.	Alice Kelley	9 Sebastian Place

George St. from Prince's St. East to BecK's Cove.
All of Gorman's Lane.

This Order will be published in all Unit Orders.

St.JohnDef.Order No.123-d/1-3-42

(H.B.Armstrong), Major,
O.C. 103rd. Heavy Battery, R.C.A.

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Lament of the 103rd

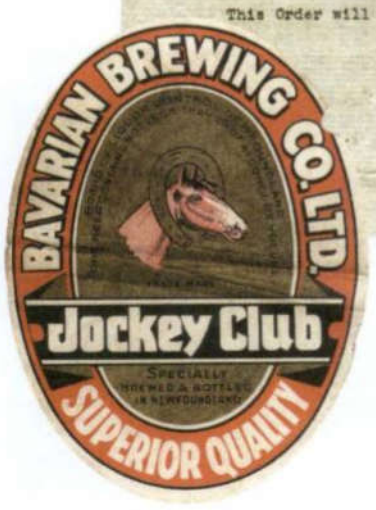
Dared sabotage our terminal rifle
On the banks of Newfoundland
For I've tried to be a soldier
In that strange and native land

In the fog and bleak surroundings
By our gun we took our stand
Little dreaming of our danger
On the banks of Newfoundland

Twas on that fateful afternoon
We all were feeling grand
Looking out upon our target
Off the banks of Newfoundland

The hills were lined with soldiers
So far from their native land
Waiting for our gun to fire
From the banks of Newfoundland

When the order came to fire
Dad a gunner left her stand
Through the breech and did shatter
O'er the banks of Newfoundland



A collection of items (clockwise from upper right): beer bottle labels; a liquor permit; a poem – entitled "Lament of the 103rd" – copied in longhand by the author's father, author unknown; a list of places in St. John's that the RCA has designated "out of bounds;" and a ticket for a bed at the "Y".

binder. He learned to do fine gold-leaf embossing on leather-bound books. In the early 1960s, the demand for this type of work dissipated with automation, and he joined Canada Post, where he stayed until his retirement. When he passed away in 2001, I became the keeper of the apple bag and the bundle of wartime souvenirs. From out of the bag I have put together a montage of the year 1942, from the kit bag of an ordinary Canadian "trying to be a soldier on the banks of Newfoundland." 🍁

Lucinda Quarrington is a registered nurse, with interests in Canadiana, family history, photography, portrait painting, and herb gardening. She lives on Salt Spring Island, British Columbia.

Have you had a personal experience with the great characters or momentous events of Canadian history? If you would like to submit a story for possible publication, send it to <editors@historysociety.ca> with YourStory in the subject line, or write to Your Story, c/o The *Beaver*, 478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. For further information please see our editorial guidelines at <www.thebeaver.ca>.

For writer Armin Wiebe, the great Dene legend of YAMOZHA reveals the worth of ancient stories.

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Known variously as Yamozha, Yamoria, Yamodezha, Ehtachohka'e, and Yabatheya by the different tribes of the Dene nation, "the one who circled the earth" is here portrayed by artist Archie Beaulieu.

Our human imaginations keep going back to so-called mythical time – that murky, mystical time out of which our stories, our religions, our languages, our psychologies come. Just recently, an article appeared in the *Winnipeg Free Press* about University of Manitoba geologist James T. Teller's research, which suggests a link between Lake Agassiz and Noah's flood. As a nation of immigrants, we have brought mythologies with us from all over the world and spread them over the landscape without much concern for the mythologies being covered over.

On a late winter afternoon in 1984, despite fluorescent lights, a shadowy atmosphere permeated the classroom at Mezi School in Lac La Martre, NWT. A half-dozen elders sat on plastic chairs speaking in Tli Cho (Dogrib) to the teenaged students while Francis Zoe interpreted eloquently for the white teachers present. Much was said about how hard life had been in the past. At one point Louis Beaulieu, who had served his people as chief for forty years, made reference to events that had occurred back in the time of the ice age. No one snickered; no one raised an eyebrow.

Around this time Francis Zoe first told me stories of Yamozha, the man who wandered over the north in the time of the late Pleistocene megafauna and made the world safe for people. Yamozha rearranged the landscape and transformed the natures of giant animals and evil people. He taught eagles to prefer the taste of fish to human flesh. He enlisted the help of a mouse to kill a dinosaur (or could it have been the woolly mammoth?). Frequently Yamozha got involved with women who soon revealed their treacherous natures.

One of Yamozha's wives turned into a giant beaver. To change her back into a woman, Yamozha chased her from Lac La Martre to the North Arm of Great Slave Lake, then across the lake to the Mackenzie River, creating creeks, islands, and other landmarks with every skirmish. After a long pursuit down the Mackenzie, Yamozha tired and watched helplessly as his beaver wife was swept away to the ocean by

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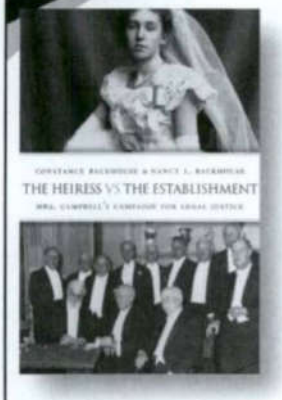

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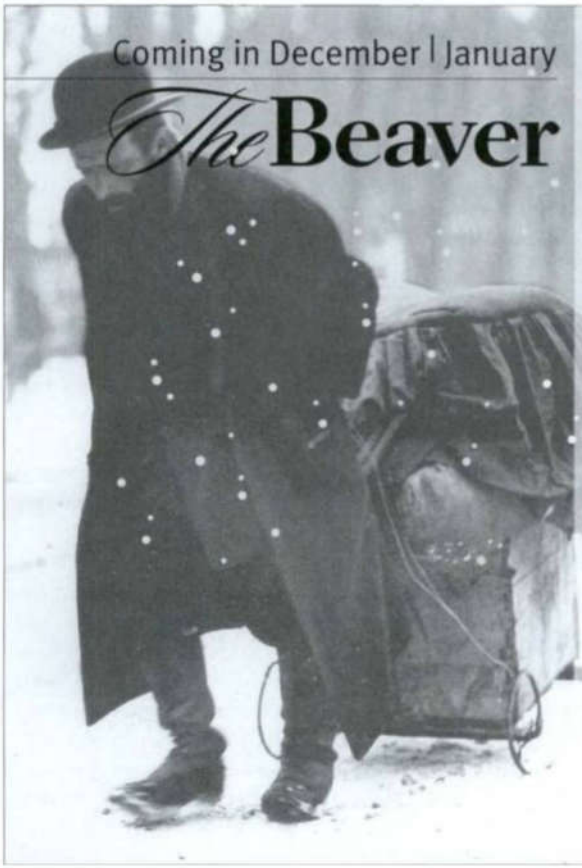

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BY BENITA BAKER

the mighty river. In the course of this chase, Yamozha killed three other beavers. The impressions of the pelts he stretched on the side of Bear Rock Mountain still remain, and the smoke from his cooking fires still rises from the smouldering beds of lignite coal above Fort Norman at the fork of the Mackenzie and Great Bear rivers.

Every landmark, every landscape feature in the land of the Tli Cho has a story attached to it that involves Yamozha.

One of my favourite stories is one told by Menton Mantla of Lac La Martre of how Yamozha was almost lured down a hole in a mountain by a grandfatherly man. It turned out that the old man was really a mountain lion (sabre-toothed cat?) in disguise and that his wife lurked at the bottom of the slide ready to kill the next victim. Needless to say, Yamozha destroyed this evil couple. (A similar story involving Yamozha and a giant wolverine can be found on the Prince of Wales Northern Heritage Centre website at <www.lessonsfromtheland.ca>.)

Yamozha is a sacred figure whose birthplace, a mountain named Blood Rock near Hottah Lake, is also the site of an ancient quarry where the Tli Cho found the stone for their tools. Every landmark, every landscape feature in the land of the Tli Cho has a story attached to it that involves Yamozha. Yamozha's stories are largely hidden in the memories of the Dene elders, who sometimes still tell stories their elders told them, and occasionally a young ear listens, hears these ancient words amidst the cacophony of English language and electronic culture, and discovers gems more exciting than diamonds. ⊡

Armin Wiebe lived in Lac La Martre, NWT from 1983 to 1989. His novel *Tatsea*, set in Canada's subarctic in the 1760s, received the Margaret Laurence Award for Fiction and the McNally Robinson Book of the Year Award.

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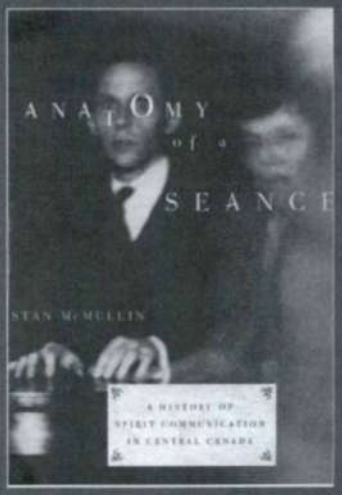

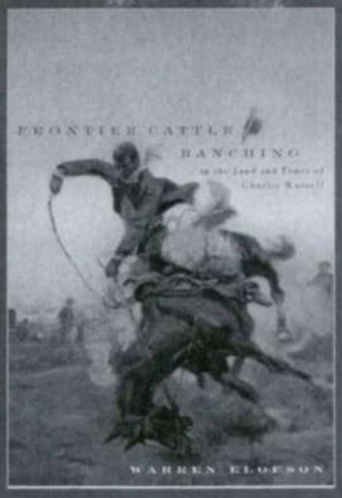

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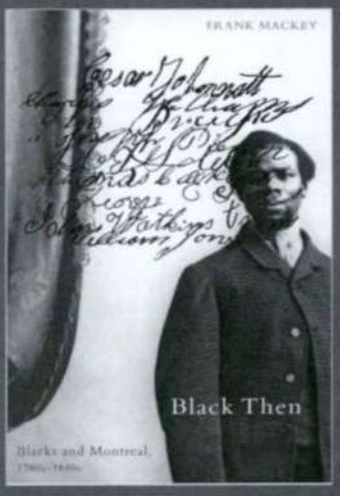

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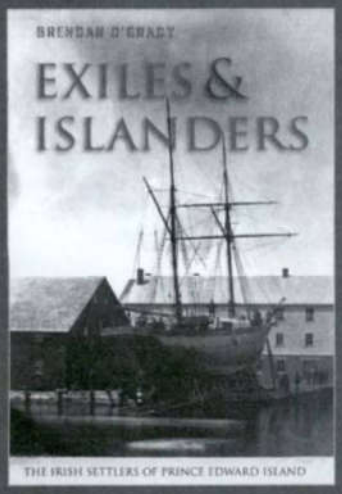

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GOLD RUSH DREAMS

Doug Alexander looks behind Whitehorse's modern façade to find its Klondike heritage.

A century ago Yukon bard Robert Service laid down the law for the Land of the Midnight Sun:

> This is the Law of the Yukon,
> that only the Strong shall thrive;
> That surely the Weak shall perish,
> and only the Fit survive.

Fitting words for a legendary land where gold-rush dreams were forged then shattered by the harsh climate, where greedy prospectors, a raging Yukon River, sternwheelers, and an impossible railway converged to shape the history of this northern frontier.

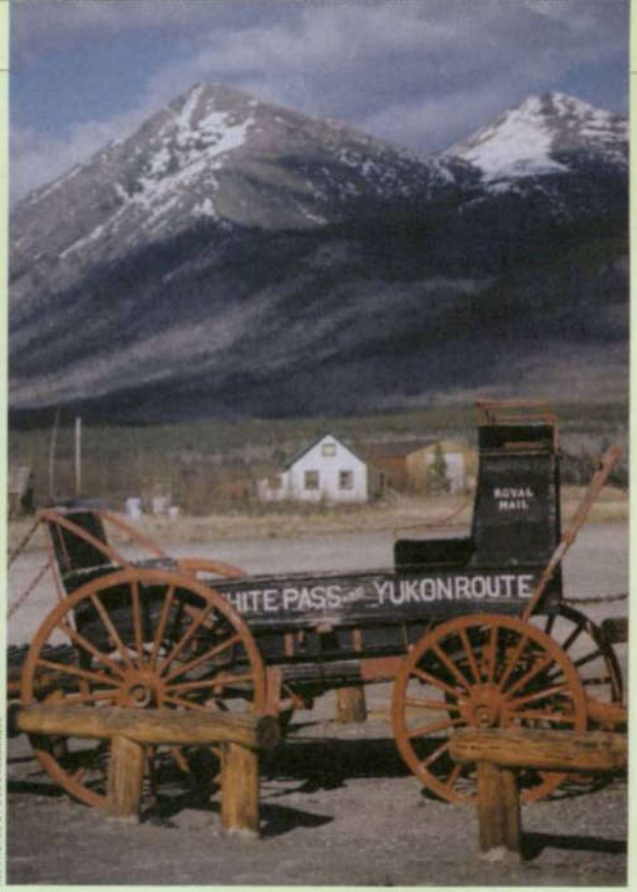
And in its heart is Whitehorse, where Service found inspiration for poems like *The Cremation of Sam McGee*.

Whitehorse today looks to the future rather than the past. Big-box retailers, concrete-and-glass government offices, and 1970s-era storefronts define this Yukon capital far more than its few historical buildings.

But history remains, for those who look.

The Old Log Cabin Church, built in 1900 by Reverend Richard Bowen, endures as a testament to the past. Its dim interior exhibits missionary work of the Anglican Church, including the tale of the "bishop who ate his boots" to survive after getting lost in the Yukon.

The city's first telegraph office and the cabin of Sam McGee – the real man behind Service's ballad – also remain, relocated outside MacBride Museum. It's an ideal spot: the downtown museum offers an overview of the city's history and boasts North America's largest gold nugget collection and a yard with old mining equipment, automobiles, and a locomotive dating to 1881.



ALL PHOTOS BY DOUG ALEXANDER

The history of Whitehorse goes much deeper. Spend a weekend exploring and you'll discover the rich history of a town that emerged from the Klondike gold rush to become a vital hub for the Yukon.

It began at Miles Canyon, a ten-minute drive south of Whitehorse. Here, the steep basalt cliffs that plunge into the Yukon River once contained ferocious rapids – the toughest obstacle for prospectors braving the gold-rush trail of 1898 to the Klondike. Downstream bubbled White Horse Rapids, whose frothy waters resembled flowing manes of charging white horses. Those rapids gave the Yukon capital its name – and its reason for existence.

A footbridge spans this canyon today, providing access to a trail along the river, and into history. The 1.75-kilometre hike is on the rail bed of a tramline built in 1898 to bypass the rapids. At its end is a clearing that was once Canyon City, where prospectors transferred gear from the river to the tramway. Horse-drawn carts dragged equipment ten kilometres along wood rails to where Whitehorse stands today. Little remains here, but you'll still find building foundations, rusted cans, broken glass bottles, and other remnants from 1898.

That summer, in the Alaskan port of Skagway, construction began on a seemingly impossible task: building a narrow-gauge railroad 178 kilometres through the coastal mountains to Whitehorse. Critics were silenced in July 1900 when the first White Pass & Yukon Route train steamed into Whitehorse, securing the settlement as a regional transportation hub.

The Yukon Transportation Museum charts this theme from 1898, when prospectors braved the Chilkoot Trail, to the arrival of air-

planes in the 1920s and the building of the Alaska Highway in 1942.

The railway itself served the region for eighty-two years, and the White Pass & Yukon Railway Company evolved into a transportation monopoly that encompassed paddle wheelers, sleighs, stagecoaches, trucks, and airplanes.

Visitors can still ride those rails. The WP&YR railway has operated as a summer tourist excursion between Fraser, B.C. (linked to Whitehorse by shuttle bus) and Skagway since 1988, offering spectacular vistas from passenger cars – some original – that rumble along the forty-five-kilometre route through rugged terrain, over trestle bridges, and through tunnels.

The most iconic symbol of Whitehorse, however, rests on the riverbank downtown – the S.S. *Klondike II*. This sternwheeler plied the Yukon River from 1937 to 1955, primarily as a cargo vessel for the mining industry. Though retired, the *Klondike* still serves the Yukon – as a national heritage site, it takes on tourists each summer for guided tours.

Doug Alexander is an award-winning Canadian journalist and travel writer whose work has appeared in *Geographical*, *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Globe and Mail*, and other newspapers and magazines around the world. He lives in Toronto.

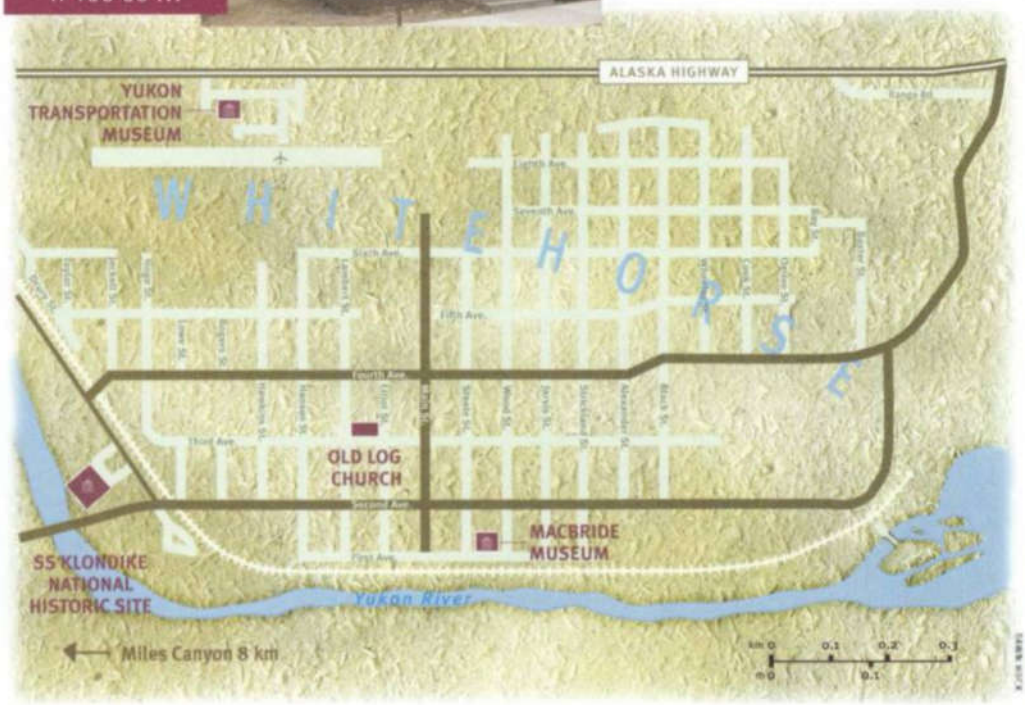
Built in 1900, the Old Log Church (left) provides testimony to the missionary work by the Anglican Church in the Yukon from 1861 onwards.

A vintage carriage (upper left) from the White Pass & Yukon Route railway.

The 1.75 kilometre walk from Whitehorse to the now-abandoned Canyon City along the banks of the Yukon River (below, left) offers a historical perspective on this gold-rush settlement.

Paddlewheelers such as the SS *Klondike II* (below, centre) plied the Yukon River from Whitehorse to Dawson City from the late 1800s until the 1950s. The *Klondike II* itself operated from 1937 to 1955, serving primarily as a cargo vessel.

IF YOU GO ...



WHITEHORSE is connected to Canadian cities through regular flights by Air Canada and regional airlines such as Air North, which offers weekend getaway packages to Yukon's capital.

For information on places to see, accommodations, and special events contact:

Yukon Visitor Reception Centre
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E: vacation@gov.yk.ca
W: www.touryukon.com

Some sites included in this article are open on a seasonal basis. For further information contact:

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SS Klondike National Historic Site
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E: whitehorse.info@pc.gc.ca
W: www.pc.gc.ca/lhn-nhs/yt/ssklondike/index_e.asp

Old Log Church Museum
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COMMEMORATION

Sending vets to Normandy

Canada's National History Society proudly supported the efforts of individual Canadians to raise funds so that more of our D-Day veterans could participate in the sixtieth commemoration ceremonies at Normandy. Over $22,000 was received from more than 135 companies and individuals.

These funds supported a ten-person delegation to Normandy between June 3 and June 8, 2004.

The Dominion Institute ably coordinated all the logistics for the tour – with fewer than three weeks to make arrangements. Jessica Humphreys, then manager of the organization's Memory Project, served as guide and tour operator for the delegation. Her account of the trip appears at right.

Bringing Canadian students to Juno Beach: Governor General's Award–winning teachers Gary Simons and Deanna Millard asked their students to write letters of greetings from Canada for all of the veterans participating at Normandy. The letters were distributed by hand on Juno Beach to the delight and surprise of many.

The Society wishes to acknowledge the many donors to the "Vets Fund for Normandy." Those who donated more than $50 are listed below; see <www. historysociety.ca> for a complete list.

Cory Ainger, St. Sauveur QC; D.G. Allen, Orleans ON; James Austin, Ajax ON; Melanie & Todd Beernink, Revelstoke BC; Corina-Lyn Bobel, Toronto ON; Cynthia Borkowsky, Toronto ON; David Bowman, Mississauga ON; Michael Breen, Toronto ON; C. David Browning, Richmond BC; Peter Carayiannis & friends, Mississauga ON; Joyce Caron, King City ON; Peter Carstens, Newmarket ON; Janice Chalk, Brantford ON; Eva Chaulk, Brantford ON; Dan Chevrier, Winnipeg MB; Ian Chute, Montreal QC; Kelly Clark, Halifax NS; Greg Clow, Toronto ON; Larry Couse, Burlington ON; Leanna Crouch, Toronto ON; Tony Davis, Nanaimo BC; Claude Y. Desjardins, Abbotsford BC; Laura Di Carlo, Hamilton ON; Michael Doyle, Upper Tantallon NS; William Duncan, Toronto ON; Brian Fawcett, Toronto ON; Max Fawcett, Toronto ON; Scott C. Ferris, Cornwall PE; Jill Fleischman, Toronto ON; Don Forbes, Ste-Foy QC; Pat Forgione, Montreal QC; Mark C. Gerard, Burlington ON; Roger T. Harltey, Surrey BC; Gerda Hoffelner, Richmond Hill ON; Carrie Hoffelner, Richmond Hill ON; Michael Holmes, Dundas ON; Robert Hosford, Etobicoke ON; Charles Hou, Vancouver BC; Robert Howard, Elmvale ON; Mike Isber, Mississauga ON; Justice R. Khawly, Toronto ON; David Lewall, Victoria BC; Michael Locke, Toronto ON; Suzanne Lyon, Ottawa ON; James MacLean, Strathroy ON; Helen Manning, North Bay ON; Hilary Mathews, New Westminster BC; Suzanne McCollum, Caledonia ON; Ian W. McKay, Richmond Hill ON; Glenn McKelvey, Toronto ON; Florence McMurrich, Burlington ON; M. Evelyn McNab, Toronto ON; Maria-Victoria Meli, Montreal QC; Jon Mitchell, Brooklin ON; Ann Morin, Mississauga ON; Justin Muers, Princeton ON; Gerald & Lesley Ozero, Nanoose Bay BC; Andrew Parker, Montreal QC; E. Parkinson, Kitchener ON; Kimberly Peppe & Michael Martin, Ile Bizard QC; John J. Peto, Thornhill ON; Andrea J. Petschner, Laval QC; J.M. Phillips, Oakville ON; Roger Plant, Carleton Place ON; Carlo Racioppo, Oakville ON; P. Reahil, Vancouver BC; Linda Robbins, Vancouver BC; Jan Rogers, Winnipeg MB; Gerald & Penny Rose, Ailsa Craig ON; Holly Sanderson, London ON; David E. Scott, Vancouver BC; Edward K. Scott, Sechelt BC; Lee Sherlock, North Vancouver BC; Margie Shields, Toronto ON; Robert Shortreed, Brentwood Bay BC; Audrey Steele, Whitby ON; JoAnne Sutch, Whitby ON; Robert Switzer, Richmond BC; Tina & Louis Travale, Mount Hope ON; John Vandelaar, London ON; Heather Walker, Victoria BC; Bernie Wielgosz, Dorchester ON; Charlene L. Wood, North Vancouver BC; Susan Yatabe, Deep River ON; and two anonymous donations.

We also wish to acknowledge the support of Sunshine Travel in Vancouver, B.C., Her Excellency the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson, His Excellency John Ralston Saul, and the staff of Rideau Hall, without whom this trip of a lifetime for some of our veterans may never have taken flight.

Inset, upper right: Memorial on the beach. From top: Ceremony at Beny-sur-Mer cemetery; Her Excellency Adrienne Clarkson greets veteran; old friends meet; veterans at Beny-sur-Mer ceremony.

ALL D-DAY PHOTOS JESSICA HUMPHREYS

Remembering D-Day

Why does it seem pathetic fallacy always fails us? When the weather should meet our mood of dread or solemn remembrance with storms, we see sunshine and blue skies. Such was the case on D-Day, June 6, 1944, and such was the case sixty years later, when Canadian veterans paid their respects at the Beny-sur-Mer Canadian cemetery.

Accompanying six of these men on their return to France to revisit the beaches and the graveyards of the Normandy invasion, I anticipated an emotional return to the day when hundreds of young men made the supreme sacrifice, and thousands suffered lifelong wounds, both physical and psychological. Instead the bright sun shone down on a warm reunion and stalwart determination to enjoy the life that was so arbitrarily granted to one, denied another.

Our delegation strolled through the magnificent flowers surrounding the impeccable headstones, each one marking the name, unit, age, and date of death of a friend and comrade. "He was the worst cook in the Navy!" and "We were devils on leave!" Fond and playful remembrances conceal a hidden grief, one not to be shared for fear of being dwelt upon to a point of no return.

Charles Richardson, North Shore Regiment, sat cross-legged under a tree and laughed as he recalled, "We had trained so long, it was second nature. We must have done it a hundred times in practice. On D-Day, everybody felt that they were just on another scheme. We came up on the beaches and we were all singing away, laughing, carrying on like always. I was just shy of twenty-two. My platoon sergeant Perly White was about twenty-five years old. As we approached the beach, Sergeant White was hit with an armoured piercing. It just glanced off him but there was dead silence from that moment on. We knew for the first time that this was for real."

Boys became men in a split second on that day – if they were lucky. And the stories of those who fell on the beach are told matter-of-factly; they are well-rehearsed stories, too terrible to remember as real events.

This veneer was made poignantly clear when Charlie, another member of our delegation, Philip Le Breton, and I came across a young woman from Calgary crying over one of the gravestones. It is not hard to understand how these stark reminders of youth and innocence lost can elicit such a response, even (or perhaps especially) in one who has not known war. For Philip, though, despite his kind and open nature, this emotional display was too close to the line on which most of the veterans were delicately teetering. He balked when he recognized her tears, and managed, "Now, now then, enough of that. You don't want to get us all started." When else but then, one might wonder. But the coping mechanism is as fragile as it is strong, and some tears too painful to be shed.

Philip delighted in talking with the other guests at the cemetery; he discovered an old friend from his unit he hadn't seen in decades. He reveled in being among those who understand, and reminded us all that remembrance is an act of communion, with the past and with the present, with joy as well as sadness.

—Jessica Humphreys

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria
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- Vancouver Maritime Museum
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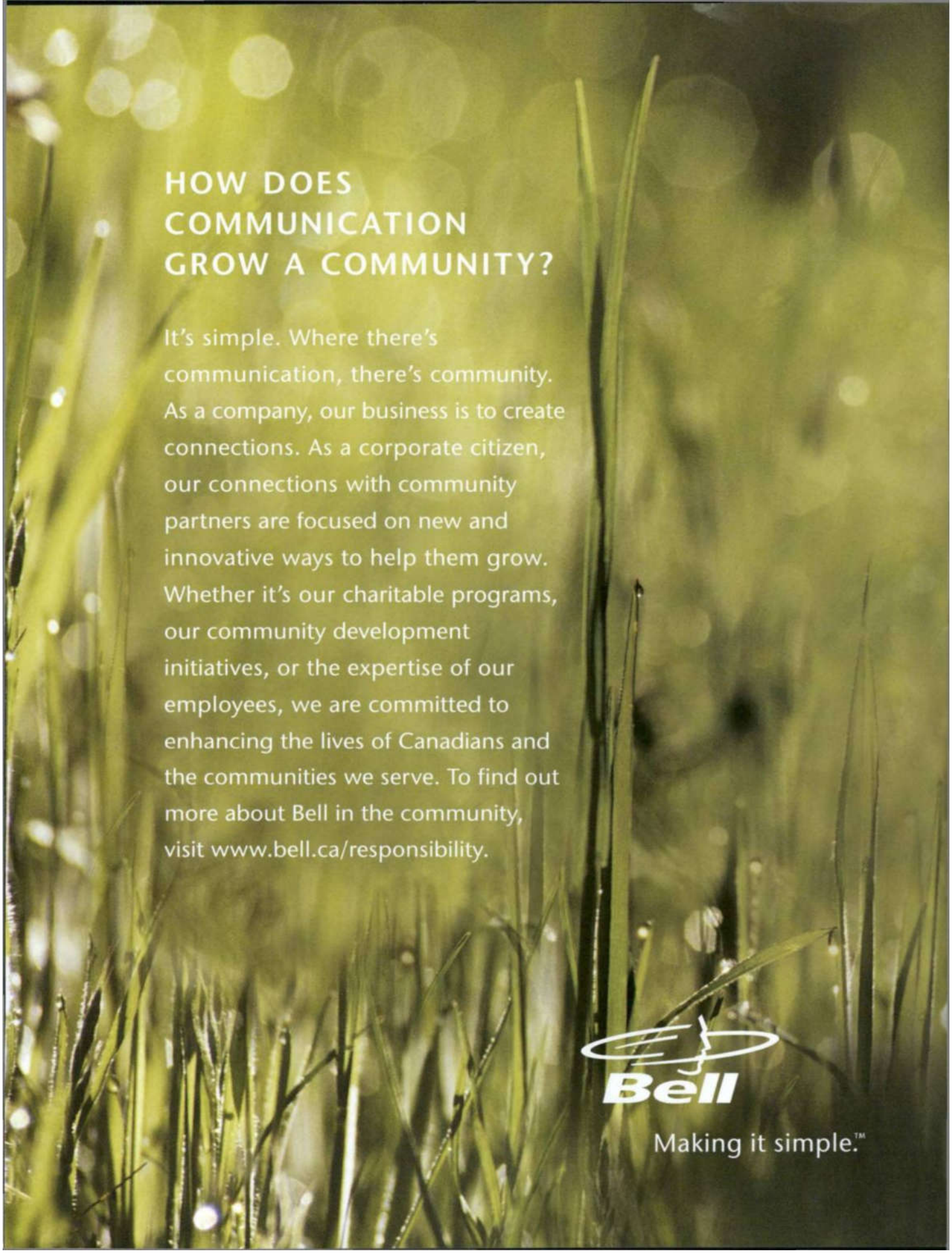
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- The Manitoba Museum, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- Niagara Historical Society & Museum, Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON
- Bata Shoe Museum, Toronto
- Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

HONOURS

Board members named to the Order of Canada

The History Society congratulates two members of its board of directors who have recently been designated officers of the Order of Canada. The appointments of Mark Starowicz and Margaret Conrad were announced July 29, 2004. Ms. Conrad, who joined the Society's board in June 2004, was cited as "one of Canada's most influential and respected historians," and for her "groundbreaking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work on the history of Atlantic Canada and in the field of women's studies." Mr. Starowicz, a Society board member since 2001, was cited for his distinguished career with the CBC, which includes his launch of *The Journal*, his creation of the broadcaster's documentary unit, and his production of *Canada: A People's History*.

ANNOUNCEMENT

2004 Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History

The History Society is pleased to honour eight exceptional educators as recipients of this year's Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History. The awards will be presented Friday, October 15, at Rideau Hall.

Adrienne Chong and **Mark Melnyk**, from Markville Secondary School, Markham, Ontario, have developed a variety of innovative teaching and assessment strategies that breathe life in to their grades 10 to 12 history classes. Role play, heritage albums, primary documents, and heritage fairs – incorporating costumes, games, computers, music, and other activities – engage students of varying aptitudes and interests. Through their "History Classroom of the Future" activity, students create websites that are used not only at their own school, but by educators across Canada.

Francesca Ianni, from Assumption Secondary School in Toronto, brings Canadian history alive through story telling and role play; students also create oral presentations, murals, and posters, and learn how to write historical essays. She has used these approaches for projects on the twentieth century (with groups researching and presenting a different decade) and the United Empire Loyalists. Francesca also organizes the Remembrance Day program for her school, determining themes and arranging guest speakers.

Brothers **Jean-Pierre Lagueux** and **Christian Lagueux**, teachers at Polyvalente Belanger and Polyvalente St.

From top: Adrienne Chong and Mark Melnyk, Francesca Ianni, Georgina McMurchy-Barber, Jean-Pierre Lagueux and Christian Lagueux, Dan Soberg, and Jackie Underhill.

Georges (in Saint Martin and Saint Georges, Quebec), immerse their students in Canadian history, through such activities as role play and time travel. Their artifact creation project, in which students research, develop, create, and present an artifact from New France, has received awards for its pedagogical innovation. Students also write historical plays and learn the workings of Canadian government through parliamentary activities.

Georgina McMurchy-Barber, from Vancouver Montessori School, employs the Montessori philosophy, which advocates using concrete materials and experience to lead to abstract learning, through such things as board games, puzzles, timelines, and matching exercises. Her primary students also engage in field trips, music, and drama – Gina's play, *Manitoba's History in Headlines*, highlighted the trial of Louis Riel and suffrage activities of Nellie McLung. Other themes include the parliamentary system, Canadian postal system, and a unit on First Nations history that incorporates archaeology.

Dan Soberg, from View Royal Elementary in Victoria, uses guest speakers, storytelling, and art and creative-writing projects to present Canadian history. Dan has developed a vibrant First Nations curriculum in which students explore primary sources and artifacts, and create and present projects, including a major longhouse model project. Field trips to related sites, such as the East Sooke Petroglyphs and the Royal B.C. Museum, are timed to the seasons and integrated with other subjects.

Jackie Underhill, from S. Bruce Smith Junior High in Edmonton, develops her students' critical thinking through creative and active learning. Her unit on Canada's political history employs student-created board games, analysis of political cartoons, creating editorial cartoons, and debating. Such a varied approach responds to various learning styles, yet develops students' abilities to analyze, interpret, and synthesize what they have learned. Intelligent use of the internet and political history websites, Heritage Day assignments, and in-class presentations promote further historical awareness.

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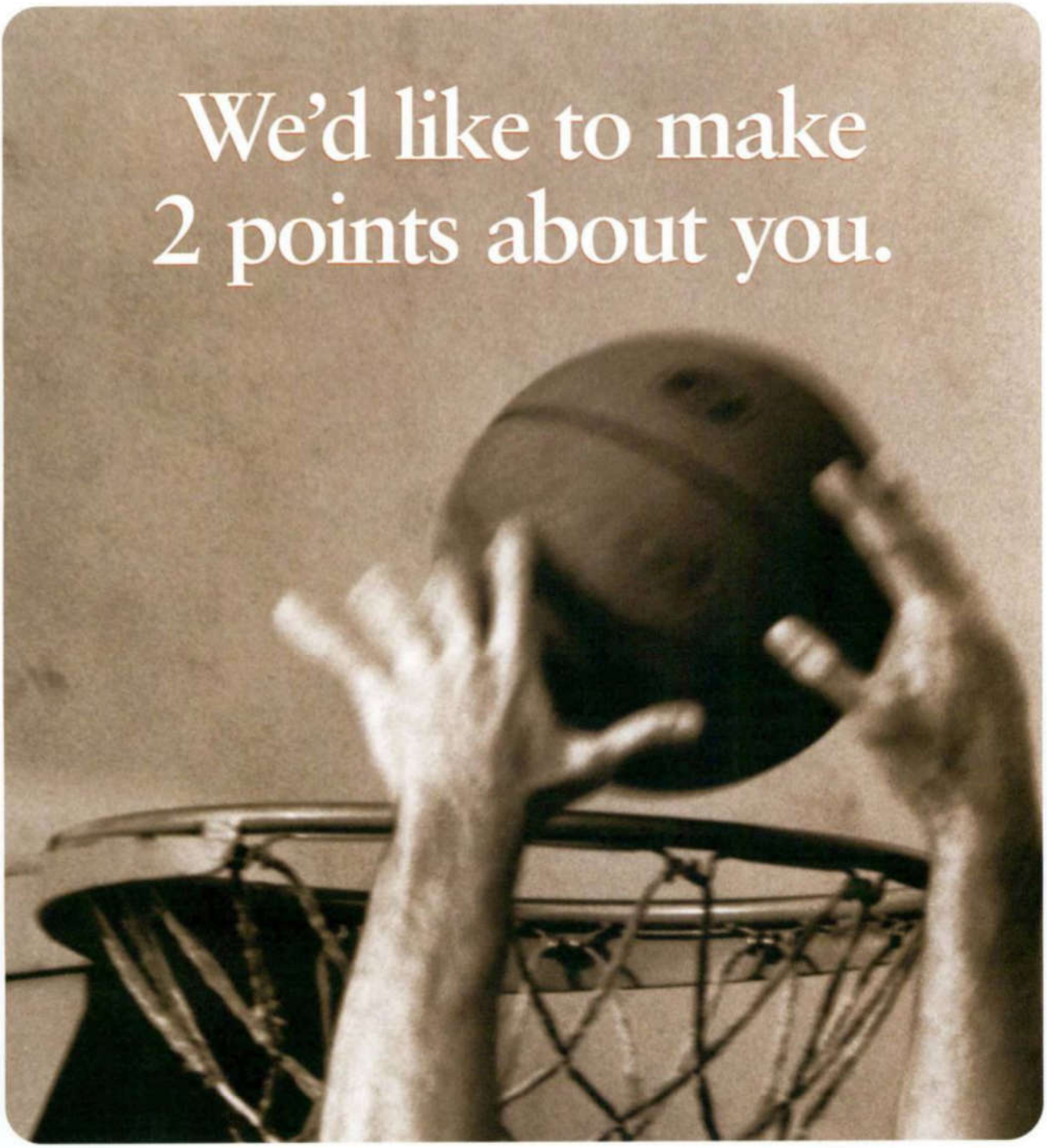
Roy Cooke, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, was a wireless operator aboard HMCS *Restigouche*. He lives in retirement in Victoria, B.C. Right of bear is the late William "Slim" Stevens.

Mascot If war, as some people would have it, consists of long stretches of unspeakable boredom punctuated by brief episodes of sheer terror, then one of the challenges of war is to seek relief from the boredom (because the terror you can do little about). In the summer of 1942, some sailors from HMCS *Restigouche* were on shore leave at the Jarvis Bay Club in Saint John, New Brunswick, so named for the armed merchant cruiser *Jarvis Bay*, which sank under German fire in November 1940. They passed by a stuffed bear installed in the lobby, a welcoming committee of sorts, and went to have a few drinks. And then perhaps a few more. They were young. They were bored. It was war. They stole the bear. Aboard the *Restigouche*, the bruin, known not surprisingly as Bruin, accompanied the crew on four or five convoy trips across the Atlantic. Unfortunately, salt water and sea air is not fur's best friend. Poor Bruin began to rot. The truth is, Bruin was finally tossed over the side of the ship. But it's much more satisfying to say, as does Roy Cooke (left of bear), "he retired with a full pension." ◘

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

We'd like to make 2 points about you.



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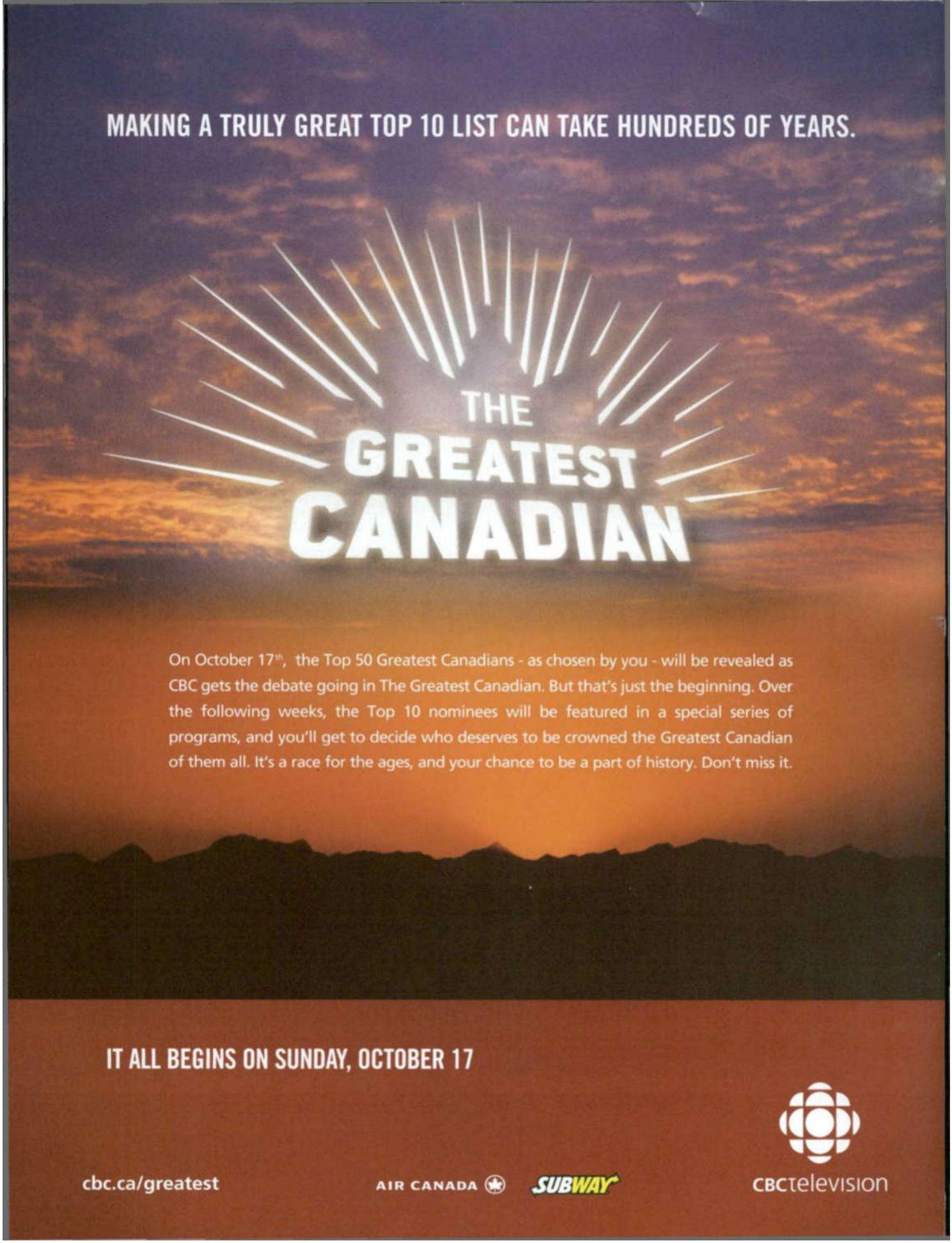
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